THE ART OF LOVE:

In Two Books.

Written both to Men and Ladies.

A NEW

POEM.

by Charles Hopkins

Me Venus Artificem tenero præfecit Amori.—

Quô me finxit Amor, quô me violentius Vsſit;
Hoc melior facti vulneris ultor ero.——

LONDON:

Printed for *Joſeph Wild*, at the *Elephant* at *Charing-Croſs*, 1700.

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THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,
To the Right Honourable
EVELIN
EARL OF
KINGSTON.

My LORD,

THE deſerving Patron reads the Dedication with a Caution, as curious, as the modeſt Poet feels when writing it; both equally afraid of any Thing that looks like Flatt'ry. Bur Your

Lordſhip may be, (at preſent) as eaſie in a Poet, as I am happy in a Patron; You are above it; and I think, I need take no great Pains to Vindicate the Aſſertion, ſince I ſhall make it my buſineſs in this Addreſs to convince Your Lordſhip, that 'tis below ev'n me. Nor will I, with induſtrious Art, couch Flatt'ry under the pretence of diſavowing it. I would not apply to any Perſon, whom I believe not every way Noble; I am a Stranger to Your Lordſhip, I mean, ſo far a Stranger, as only to know Your Lordſhip by the Opinion of the World, and by the Character Mankind has given you: Why ſhould I then run out on your *Encomiums*, and only Eccho to the World what I firſt hear'd from them? All that becomes me to ſay at preſent, is, that I agree with the Univerſal Conſent of either Sex, and make one to fill the Train of your Admirers.

rers. To whom can I more fitly preſent the *Art of Love*, than to Your Lordſhip? You are the Lover in all the ſeveral Scenes of Life, the Courtier, the Husband, and the Widdower; you were the Lover of your Wife, you *lov'd* beyond the Faſhion, you *lov'd* her tho' your Wife; you were the Lover of your Wife, and are the Lover of your Children. So fond you are of thoſe young Pledges of your Nuptial Friendſhip, you ſeem the admiring Courtier of them, you ſeem wedded to them, you ſeem the *very Father of Love* it ſelf. Hence 'tis that this Book, the Child of Love, flies to Your Lordſhip for Protection. 'Tis an Original, not Copied after *Ovid*; for *Ovid's* Book indeed cannot be properly ſaid with modeſty, to be the *Art of Love*. Where his Precepts are virtuous, as they fall in naturally to the purpoſe, I could not well avoid them; for every Man

that Loves, runs fondly, (I may ſay without Thought almoſt,) on the ſame amorous Expreſſions. How far I have Succeeded in the Attempt, Your Lordſhip can beſt Judge, who are the greateſt Maſter in all the Noble Innocence of generous Gallantries; Your Approbation of it will ſufficiently recommend it to the Fair, and Crown with Succeſs, the Wiſhes of

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's very Humble

and Obedient Servant,

Charles Hopkins

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE Bookſeller has prevail'd on me to Write ſomething by way of Preface, with which I ſhould not otherwiſe have troubled the Reader, or my ſelf.

When the Title of this Poem is read, 'twill, doubtleſs, be concluded that 'tis a Tranſlation of Ovid De arte Amandi, *but in my Opinion,* Ovid's *Book* De arte Amandi *cannot* juſtly *be Engliſh'd into* The Art of Love; *'tis rather the Art of ſomething elſe. His Poem, I am poſitive, cannot be* Modeſtly, *and,* Litte-

rally

rally *Tranſlated. He has taken ſuch liberty with the* Roman *Ladies, as I am ſure, the moſt Airy of our* Engliſh *Ladies would bluſh to allow.*

Cupid *may be drawn, he's but a Child; he has been drawn, but always Blind; the Poets thought not fit to give him Eyes, leaſt he ſhould ſee the Nakedneſs of his Mother's Beauty.* Venus *is always painted Naked, and therefore* Venus *ſhould not be painted.*

That there are greater Maſters in Poetry than I, muſt be confeſt, I acknowledge it here, and all I write confeſſes it; but that there are greater Maſters in Love I will not eaſily allow. He who has ſerv'd his Time to a Trade, in all probability, has had the beſt Opportunities of underſtanding the Crafts which may be practicable in it; and he who has the greateſt Stock, when he ſets up, is

is capable of making the greateſt Advantage.

Now half my Life I have been bound to Love, and I have ſerv'd a rigid Miſtreſs faithfully, too faithfully ever to have made Advantage in her Service. O what a load of Love have I upon my Hands, upon my Heart! My Liberty ſeems now to me the greateſt Bondage; for I can never perfectly grow free from my firſt Slavery, unleſs it could be poſſible that I could ſerve again. Thus, from the Art of Love, *I wander inſenſibly into the Nature of it; and I may hence infer that ſhould I ever endeavour again to Love (for ſure I muſt endeavour it, if e're I dō)* Amaſia's *Memory would ſtill be dearer to my Soul than any other living Charmer.*

To make ſome Application of this natural digreſſion, to my preſent purpoſe, I ſhall confeſs, without a Bluſh, I have lov'd

lov'd indeed, lov'd with all the Fondneſs and with all the Paſſion that any Poet can Expreſs. Why ſhould I be aſham'd of what was unavoidable? The Folly ſeiz'd me Young, and Love and Poetry grew up together. But I'll neither præfix the time, nor oblige my ſelf to the continuance of either, by making Vows to the contrary: Lovers and Poets keep equally their Reſolutions; or good or ill Succeſs ſets them on edge again. To Love I owe Poetry, to Poetry all the Misfortunes of my Life.

I Lov'd—— that brings me again to what I have left already twice unmention'd where I had deſign'd it; I lov'd—— I felt all I writ, and thence conclude I have writ naturally on the Subject, if naturally where I talk of my own Paſſion, then may I hope too I have write Artificially on others, for to others I have Copied out my own Original. I have felt Love, and I think, he who has felt

felt it, can beſt teach others how to feign it. I am poſitive, he who never felt it, can never Feign it well, can never grow Naturally *Artificial in it. He who never knew what Gold was, can never gild a Counterfeit.* Pigmalion, *doubtleſs, had been in Love, or he had never fraim'd his Maid of Iv'ry; my fancy has not been unlike* Pigmalion's, *for my* Amaſia *is my Iv'ry Maid. O happy Artiſt! But I ſhall ne're be the* Pigmalion *here. His Art was the Reverſe of mine; his Statue grew a perfect Woman; his Art was the Cauſe of very Nature, but mine is the Effect.*

But to return to Ovid; Ovid *is my Friend, my Favourite, I admire him in his way of Writing, as much as I can any Author; I admire him, and I love him, but ſtill my Paſſion for him is like the bluſhing, vertuous Virgin's for her Lover, and I muſt quarrel with him when he*

he grows too free in his familiarity: He is here and there looſe in all his Writings, but the very Deſign of his Poem call'd De arte Amandi *is not only looſe but lew'd. Some Precepts there are Modeſt in't, 'tis true; for what Man can at all times play the Libertine? Where they are ſo, I have ſometimes imitated him, and as far as Modeſty allows, I may ſay, with Modeſty, my Poem is* Ovidian. *'Twill not be kind in me to Attribute the Misfortune of his Baniſhment to the looſeneſs of his Writings, tho' in one of the Elegies of his* De Triſtibus *inſcrib'd to* Cæſar, *he ſeems to imagine* That *the Cauſe; (I ſay, imagine, for, to me he ſeems not to have been fully ſatisfy'd in the Cauſe of it himſelf.) Nor would it look friendly in me to recite ſome of the looſeſt of his Lines; I ſhall content my ſelf at preſent, (ſince 'tis my buſineſs to prove him immodeſt in his Poem of* Amandi) *only with a Verſe or two where he ſpeaks of his own Work. Before he enters on his Precepts, he ſays——*

Eſte

Eſte procul vittæ tenues, inſigne pudoris,
Quæque tegis medios, inſtita longa, pedes.

herein he plainly ſays that Modeſty has nothing to do in his Art, and that thoſe who are Chaſt muſt ſhun it. by this Advice, and the Confeſſion in the following Line,——

Nos venerem tutam, conceſſaque Furta canemus.

he ſeems to own himſelf a Criminal; but when he Writes de Remedio Amoris, *he does not only confeſs, but he ſeems to boaſt his Crime.*——

Thais in arte mea eſt: Laſcivia libera noſtra eſt:
Nil mihi cum vitta eſt: Thais in arte mea eſt.

all I have ſaid amounts to only this; if any modeſt Man attempts to tranſlate Ovid de arte

arte Amandi, *he muſt both alter and omit, if he would ſtill be thought a modeſt Man; and when he has done ſo, the Poem will be* his, *not* Ovid's. *if literally he tranſlates him, and makes him Chaſt, let his next Undertaking be to waſh an* Æthiopian.

This Poem, I have ventur'd to call The Art of Love, *if it Succeeds, 'twill be neceſſary the Remedy ſhould follow.*

Achilles *Lance can Cure as well as Wound.*

THE

THE ART OF LOVE.

LET *Lovers* now bleſs their perplexing Chains,
And ſmile ſerenely amidſt all their Pains,
No weight henceforth their am'rous Bands ſhall bear,
And they ſhall chooſe what Fetters They will wear;
I by my Art ſhall ſet their Paſſions free,
The God of Love ſhall have his Eyes from me:
All ſhall Succeſs from theſe my Precepts find,
Nor Love, nor Lovers ſhall continue blind.

Whilſt like the Sun in my high Sphere I move,
And Lighten all the World with Rays of Love.
Ovid for Aid, did to bright *Venus* run,
For *Rome* was her's, ſince founded by her Son,
The Queen of Love that Artful Swain did chooſe;
Well do his Writings prove his charming Muſe:
So I for Succour to *Amaſia* fly,
My *Venus*, She, and Love's new *Ovid*, I.
Typhis for Steering Ships vaſt Honours claim'd,
For Chariots ſwift *Automedon* was fam'd.
Whilſt I with skill guide *Cupid*, I ſhall prove
The *Typhis*, the *Automedon* of Love.
Dear purchas'd Knowledge I ſhall here impart,
And what I know by Nature, teach by Art,
I on my ſelf have practis'd, and can tell,
By my own ills, how to make others well.
Let all obſerve my Precepts, and Commands,
I'll bind the little God in his own am'rous Bands.

The

The Poet's Ambition.

WELL may great *Dryden* laſting Fame re-
(ceive,
'Tis all the dull, ingrateful World can give.
His high rais'd Works ſhall thro' all Ages ſtand,
The nobleſt Fabrick in the *Muſes* Land.
Beauty and Strength at once his Buildings ſhow,
Above, delightful, and ſecure below,
The high rais'd *Congreve* with ſucceſsful Pow'rs,
On ſtrong Foundations builds Immortal Towr's.
Long as his mighty Monarch may he fly,
And ſpread as wide, for he has Soar'd as high.
Let Sacred *Dryden*'s Laurels Crown his Head,
But let me ſit beneath, and ſee them ſpread;
The Lover only ſeeks the peaceful Shade.
Nor Wit, nor Pow'r, nor Fame to me are Charms,
I ſcorn all Wreaths, but my *Amaſia's* Arms.
Me my Ambition does not vainly move,
I covet Praiſe, but 'tis to purchaſe Love.

Not that my Name may deathleſs Honours find,
Forget—forget me all, make but my Miſtreſs kind.
Me ſhall the Swains young *Cupid*'s Maſter ſee,
If the Boy's blind, he ſhall be led by me.
And whilſt I teach the World experienc'd Things,
The Flames of Love ſhall be my *Muſe*'s Wings.

Elective Love.

FIRST, You, fond Youth, who Beauty's Charms adore,
Chooſe one alone to Love, and wiſh no more.
That am'rous Swain can feel no real Fires,
Who, at firſt ſight, each Face he ſees, admires.
You may perhaps my skilful Rules abuſe,
And think I err, becauſe I bid you chooſe.
'Tis our Free-Will does our deſires Improve,
And raiſes liking to the height of Love.
An Infant Paſſion by one glance may riſe,
But if not nouriſht by Conſent, it dyes.

You

You muſt ſome time, to find a Miſtreſs rove,
She won't Deſcend from the bright Skies above,
And like a gaudy Metor, Court thy Love.
If, when you meet her, ſhe be truly fair,
She will reward your utmoſt Pains and Care.
Bleſt were that Youth, who with my Eyes (could ſee,
Whoſe Miſtreſs might like my *Amaſia* be,
But kinder far than her, all Charms as ſhe.
Well, 'tis enough, if ſhe be fair believ'd,
Tho' you your ſelf, are by your ſelf deceiv'd,
Sweet is the cheat, and thence true Joys may flow,
For he that thinks he's bleſt is ſurely ſo.
London abounds with Virgins brightly Fair,
Such Crouds of Beauty in its Streets appear,
As if the Charms of the whole World were there.

Plays.

FRequent the Theatre, you there may find,
Some beauteous Charmer to allure your Mind

While on the Stage the feigning Lover dyes,
You may feel real Wounds from bright victorious (Eyes

Romulus firſt Invented Plays at *Rome*,
With thoſe allur'd, the Sabine Virgins come.
For ſome ſhort time pleas'd with the Show, they (ſmile,

But looſe thoſe Pleaſures in a little while.
Seiz'd by the *Roman* Youth, they raſhly tear,
Their beauteous Faces, rend their lovely Hair,
And on themſelves Revenge the wrongs they bear.

With fruitleſs Shrieks the Neighb'ring Air they (wound,
From Groves and pitying Rocks their Cries re- (bound,
The rougher Men, unmov'd, reſiſt the ſound.

E're ſince that time, all Theatres remain,
Renown'd for killing Eyes, and Lovers ſlain.
Place your ſelf there, cloſe nigh the charming Maid,
To her let all your Services be paid.
With tranſient Words you may begin Diſcourſe,
Obliging always, offer nought by force.

If

If the Duſt chance to fall upon her Gown,
Be ſure, be ready ſtill to ſhake it down.
Neglect not this, this may be worth your while,
Perhaps ſhe thanks you, and returns a ſmile.
Such little Offices muſt needs be done,
Pretend Duſt fall'n, tho' well you know there's none.

Or if her Train fall looſely to the floor,
Do thou the Train to her fair Hands reſtore.
Be careful to, and your beſt Service lend,
Leaſt ruder Knees her tender Sides offend.
Such little Things as theſe make way for Love,
And Courtly done, can never fail to move.
The Fair, ſoft Sex will ſuch attendance coſt,
Not Words, but Actions wooe the Virgin moſt.
Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill,
And go on Conquering, and to Conquer ſtill.

Rally the Masks, who nigh the Charmer ſit,
And ſo, divert her with Satyrick Wit.
Be cautious here; for Theatres are full
Of empty Fops, Conceited, Loud, and Dull,

If with quick Wit you can't the Hours beguile,
At leaſt ſhow humour, and when ſilent, ſmile.
With a mild Air, an awfnl Homage ſhew,
Look fondly at her, and then ſmile anew.
Submit to her, ſtill in Submiſſion brave;
Maids hate the low, obſequious, cringing Slave.
Women are gain'd by little, taking Wiles;
Play with her Fan, and ask her why ſhe Smiles;
Soon may that Toy, thus us'd, inflame her more,
Than e'er it cold her, with its blaſts before.

Feaſts.

AT publick Feaſts oft charming Beauties ſhine,
There may the Youth be warm'd with more (than Wine.
Wine heightens Courage, Wine inflames deſire,
Joyn Wine and Love, and you add Fire to Fire.

Gardens.

Gardens.

FRequent fair Gardens, and delightful Groves,
To wanton there the ſportive Cupid Loves.
There, all the flow'rs in lovely bloom appear,
Fond, growing Love ſhall ſpring, and flouriſh there.
Here, Nature do's her ſweeteſt ſweets impart,
Here, Nature flouriſhes, here flouriſh art.
Here, every fragrant bloſſom feels the bloom,
Here, Beauty's ſelf freſh beauties ſhall aſſume.

Cupid the Wanderer.

C*upid*, once wandring thro' fair Gardens, (found
A Hive of Bees, and hurl'd it to the ground.
Whilſt the wax'd walls he haſtens to deſtroy,
The wing'd aſſailants buzz about the Boy.
As now to ſpoyl their City he prepares,
He claps his own glad Wings, and minds not theirs.
Drawing his ſhafts, he dips them in, and taſts,
And to the golden plunder, raviſh't, haſts.

Claps

Claps now, o're joy'd his little ſilver Wings,
Down by the hive, his darts, his quiver flings,
Diſarm'd himſelf of his own peircing ſtings.
Now with his little hands he's buſy'd more,
To plunder thence the ſweet, the luſcious ſtore,
Than even the Bees, when hoarding it before.
Now more and more by his ſucceſs grown bold,
He breaks their forts, and raviſhes their Gold.
But as he thus their Citadel confounds,
The raging foes buzz with redoubled ſounds,
And warring at the Boy, ſtrike, and fix deep
(their wounds.
Now feircely bold, with pointed Stings they fly,
And will revenge, tho' ſo revenging dye;
Raging aloud, aloud proclaim their wrong,
With vexing murmurs, as themſelves were ſtung.
Their noiſy wings their furious wars declare,
Their wings both whet, and urge the ſpears they
(bear.
Incens'd they view the ruins of their Town,
And like brave Citizens, when deſp'rate grown,
Charge him with ſhafts, unerring as his own.

The

The wounded Boy, ſwift as his Arrows, flys,
With blubber'd cheeks to his fair Mother crys;
For Love himſelf has ever weeping eyes.
Before her ſtands with hony dropping wings,
His little hands in ſad complaints he wrings,
And ſobbing, ſhews her, here, and there, his ſtings.
No balmy tears will the fair Queen allow;
Asks what feirce foes had wounded him, and how;
Then, crys, inform'd, juſt ſuch a waſp art thou.
Hence, *Cupid* feirceſt is in Gardens found,
And to revenge his wounds, ſeeks there to wound.
From blooming Maids he gathers am'rous pow'rs,
As Bees draw Honey from the blooming flowers.
Seeking ſweet Love, we, like the Boy grow blind,
And feel the ſting, as we the Honey find.
Tho' dipt in Honey Maids his Arrows meet,
Sweet as they are, yet they are ſharp, as ſweet.
Sadly may *Sylvius* of his Arrows ſing,
Deep in my Breaſt rages their tort'ring ſting.

The Viſion.

YOung, Infant Love is in fair Gardens nurſt,
Amaſia charm'd me in fair Gardens firſt.
Roving thro' flowry Gardens, fragrant Bow'rs,
I firſt beheld her on a Bed of Flow'rs.
All ore ſurpris'd, all raviſht with the view,
Soft, Infant ſighs with painful riſings flew,
My Blood thrill'd quick, and light'nings peirc'd (me thro'.
My panting Heart did with ſhort tremblings (move,
In all the longing Agonies of Love.
Her blooming Beauties did my wonder raiſe,
The more I gaz'd, the more I wiſh'd to gaze.
I gaz'd, and ſigh'd, then, ſighing gaz'd again,
And was at once all extaſie, and pain.

Methinks

Methinks, I ſee her, as ſhe then was lay'd,
With careleſs Charms on the fair, painted Bed.
Her fragrant breath perfum'd the Neighb'ring air,
And all the Flow'rs ſpread more than uſual fair.
With her looſe Robes did wanton *Zephirs* play,
And flew in whiſtlings, as if pleas'd, away.
One Snowy Hand did in her Boſom lye,
The other thrown, as if neglected, by;
On that ſhe lean'd her Head in ſoft repoſe,
While her dear Breaſts with ſwelling motions roſe.
At awful diſtance did I wondring ſtand,
E're I approach'd to kiſs her Beauteous Hand.
Softly I mov'd to the Celeſtial Maid,
As if not ſhe, but I the Theif had play'd.
Gently I kneel'd, afraid to wake the fair,
And view'd the wond'rous charm of Beauty there.
My courage quite forſook my ſickly Soul,
And hopes and fears did in my fancy rowl.

Thro' tedious ſtrugglings of my thoughts I broke,
And kiſs'd her Hand, before ſhe yet awoke.
Thus, with ſhort tremblings ſtill I fondly preſt,
And kiſs't, and ſigh'd, and then again I kiſs't.
Aſſaults too feirce at laſt my flames did make,
Too much I Lov'd her, now too ſoon awake.
In haſt, the frighted Virgin trembling roſe,
Nor look'd behind, fled me, and fled repoſe.
Silent I ſtood, and ſaw her haſt away,
No power was left me but the power to ſtay,
And fall all raviſht, where the charmer lay.

Baths and Wells.

TO the fam'd Baths, or *Tunbridge* Wells (retreat,
Where Beauty fires more than the ſcorching heat.

— Beauty's

Beauty's bright beams ore all their waters play,
Radiant as thoſe which light the glowing day.
Venus at firſt roſe from the Oceans tides,
From floods ſhe roſe, and ſtill ore floods preſides.
The Sea, 'tis ſaid, produc'd one beauteous Queen,
But at *theſe Springs* there are a thouſand ſeen.
He, who *Diana* naked had deſcry'd,
He, who beheld that Goddeſs bathing, dy'd.
Here, leſs ſevere bright Deities appear,
You gaze ſecure from ſprinkled ſurges here.
Safe from *Actæon's* fate you may retire,
From fatal waters ſafe, expos'd to fire.
Whilſt in the Youth his growiug paſſion reigns,
Falſly thoſe Baths he charges with his pains.
The Swain no cauſe of his diſtemper knows,
Thinks not that Love along thoſe Fountains flows.
The racking pangs fond wiſhing Souls endure,
Thoſe Medicinal Waters cannot cure.

There,

There, Beauty gathers from thoſe Springs new
(Rays,
Like *Sol* made brighter riſing from the Seas.
Strange! that feirce Fires proceed from Chilling
(Streams,
And Waters kindle, which ſhould quench our
(Flames!
In vain from Conquering, killing Charms we
(turn,
Where are we ſafe, if Springs have power to burn?

There are a thouſand places where to meet;
The Park, the Mall, or in the open Street.
None lives Recluſe, who are but fancy'd fair,
Beauty's a Goddeſs, that reigns every where.
So vaſt her train, which all retirements flee,
That if you would not Love, you muſt not ſee.

Beauty

Beauty.

IN *Britiſh* Maids all ſparkling glories ſmile,
Beauty, the plenteous product of our Iſle.
Not her own *Paphos*, could Love's Queen detain,
In *Britain* now do's *Cytharea* Reign.
Like *Albion's* Cliffs, fair are her Daughters born,
Num'rous, as Waves, by which thoſe Cliffs are torn.
Albion, her ſelf, whom all her floods obey,
Appear the Riſing *Venus* of the Sea.
Such Charms this Iſle do's to her race diſpence,
That half the World may be ſupply'd from hence.
Thrice happy *Albion* ! in thy Off-ſpring bleſt,
Faireſt of all the Univerſe Confeſt.
The Univerſe thy Conquering Charms approve,
Thy Men for Valour, and thy Maids for Love.

Venus in *Albion* claims a right to dwell,
Albion in Arms do's the whole World excell.
Drawn by her Swans, along her *Thames* ſhe glides;
Where ſhould ſhe dwell, but where her *Mars* reſides?

The Britiſh Venus.

BOld, bravely feirce glows each great Hero's Breaſt,
But *Naſſaw's* Soul ſurpaſſes all the reſt.
Thus, every Radiant *Britiſh* Beauty warms;
Yet ſtill beyond the reſt bright *Grafton* Charms,
She ſtrikes all Eyes, all Senſes ſhe allarms.
Every bright Goddeſs do's Immortal ſhine,
Some leſs, ſome more, yet are they all Divine.
Juno and *Pallas* have Illuſtrious Eyes,
Yet there's a *Venus* ſtill ——
Tranſcendent *Venus* muſt receive the prize.

The

The prize above let *Cytharea* bear,
Here *Grafton* claims: the *Cytharea* here.

Albion's fair Daughters are the Warriour's prize,
Bright as the Hero's Swords, the Virgin's Eyes.
Thoſe Conquering Cheifs, who triumph'd in the Field,
To theſe far more Victorious Beauties yeild.
Dangers and Death in duſty Plains are found,
But Love Wounds deeper, with a ſurer Wound.
Who can reſiſt, when *Britiſh* Nymphs engage?
Love always Conquers, when his Wars they wage.
Let Neighb'ring Nations dread our Iſle's allarms,
All muſt ſurrender, when ſoft Beauty Charms,
Beauty ſhall Edge our Swords, and Point our Arms
Beauty! which every Noble Act inſpires,
Beauty! which Poets, and their Heroes fires.

Beauty! which ſtirs the Martial Soul to Fight,
Beauty! which moves the Artleſs Swain to write.
To thoſe I Sing, thoſe who have born the Sheild,
Thoſe, who have fought, and vanquiſh'd in the Field
Thoſe would I teach how to make Beauty yeild.
Love is a kind of Warfare, and a Maid,
Like a Wall'd Town, you muſt by Art Invade;
Pitch then: Let me, your Gen'ral, be Obey'd.
Pitch here your Tents; as I direct, begin,
Lay but cloſe Seige, and be aſſur'd you win.
Already told where the bright Nymphs repair,
Inform'd already where to find the fair;
Let me adviſe, with awful Homage bow,
And you, who us'd to Storm, Surrender now.
Methinks I hear the bluſtring Souldier Swear,
"I now may ſeize her, ſhall I now forbear?
"If Maids, like Towns beſeig'd, are to be won,
"What hinders? Now I'll ſpoyl, and ſack the Town.

Muſt

" Muſt I Surrender, Captive to my Foe?
" Are theſe your precepts, ſhall I Conquer ſo?
If Maids by force alone were to be gain'd,
Experienc'd Warriours need not now be train'd.
The Shafts of Love fly not like thoſe of War,
Soft are the Plumes, which bear his Arrows far.
Women, like *Troy*, reſiſt the Warlike Field,
But *Troy*, it ſelf, muſt to devices yeild.
Thus, whilſt in ſhow no Hoſtile Arms you bear,
Thus, as the *Greeks* did *Troy*, o'recome the fair.
This one Important Reſolution hold,
Be bold, but yet, be very humbly bold.
Had I been bold, I had ſucceſsful prov'd,
But ah! too true, too tenderly I Lov'd.
Where Strength alone, or where ſoft Pray'rs
(may fail,
Together joyn'd, they muſt, they will prevail.
Entreat admiſſion, but the Guards ſuppreſt,
Diſdain and Pride, Guards to the Female Breaſt,
Conquer by force, by force maintain the reſt.

Force, Grateful force the Charming Sex beguiles,
By wiles deceiving thoſe, who practice wiles;
Thus, Beauty Wounds the moſt, when moſt it
(Smiles.

Miſtake not, Hero, here the Poet's aim,
My aiery Songs fann but a Lambent Flame.
Chaſt is my Art, nouriſhing Virgin Fires,
Chaſt, like *Amaſia*, who my Song inſpires.
Verſe, Sacred Verſe, like *Phœbus* beamy Rays,
May kindle Veſtals to a Lambent blaze.
I teach Beſeigers Beauteous Towns to win,
But not to Plunder, when they enter in.
Warriours, who ſpoyl thoſe Cities they obtain,
May quickly looſe, what, by long Seige, they
(gain.
Towns, which on terms, Surrender to your Pow'r,
Still in their own maintain the ſtrongeſt Tow'r.
Inſulted Forts their Forces will exert,
And Maids, entreated ill, preſerve their Heart.

Obſerve

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
And Conquering gently, you ſhall Conquer ſtill.

Small, trivial favours, are like Out-works, won,
You muſt, by gentle uſage, gain the Town,
Remember, *Cupid* Flyes with Wings of Down.
Force I preſcribe, but ſuch as ſuits the fair,
Feathers require not Storms, they riſe with Air.
Sighs, like a gentle breeze, fan Am'rous Fires,
But with rude blaſts Love's kindled Torch expires.
That force preſcrib'd, which in my Laws you find,
Is not the force of Arms, but force of Mind.
My Muſe delights to glide in pureſt Streams,
Thoſe Swans, which draw my *Venus*, Wing'd with Flames,
Move their ſoft courſe, like thoſe on Silver *Thames*.
Like Wanton *Ovid* I forbear to Rove,
I Sing of Virgins, and of Virgin Love.

His Muſe, like *Icarus*, unbounded Flyes,
And with Wax'd Plumes, Soars, and Inſults the Skies.
Wantons, like him with pure, Celeſtial Air,
Attempting Flights, which ſhe wants Wings to bear.
No Swain ſo ſweet of Love's ſoft Paſſion Sings,
But here, on purpoſe, has he Wax'd his Wings.
Tow'ring too high, ſoon as he ſtrikes the Clowds,
Wildly he falls, Drown'd in the rowling Floods.
With Chaſter purpoſe are my numbers lay'd;
Charm he the *Roman*, I the *Britiſh* Maid.

Reſolution.

AGain be bold, I urge this precept ſtill,
For, without confidence, you daſh my skill,
Be but aſſur'd that you ſhall gain, you will.

Let

Let then your ſoft Addreſſes be begun,
And Build on this —— all Women may be won.
The Coyeſt Nymph, ſhe, who diſdains the moſt,
When once ſhe knows how dear her Scorn has coſt,
Pitys the Youth, by her ill uſage loſt.
By ſecret ſhifts his Viſits would reſtore,
And now would grant, would he but now Adore,
Maids will deny, who more than Men deſire.
Affecting Coldneſs moſt, when moſt on Fire.
Here muſt I now unpractiz'd precepts teach,
Preſcribe you Flights my ſelf could never reach.

Diſſimulation.

LIke them, diſſemble, while you feirceſt burn,
Fond of their Love, yet ſeem to ſlight their Scorn.

Could

Could I have put a looſe indiff'rence on,
Amaſia's Self I might at laſt have won.
But ſhe too deep had fixt my Raviſht Heart,
My Love was Nature, but let yours be Art.
Where Ten Years Seige, and force continu'd fail'd,
A ſeeming Flight, a feign'd Deſpair prevail'd.
The ſubtle Sex ſeems ty'd to ſuch reſtrint,
That each Denyal is in part a Grant.
To underſtand ſome things by Woman ſaid,
Her Words, like *Hebrew*, muſt be backwards read.
Sometimes, like Heathen Oracles of Old,
In odd, Ambiguous terms their Minds are told.
So that thoſe truths they ſeem to have reveal'd,
By ſuch relation are the more conceal'd.
In ſecret intricacies all perplext,
With doubtful thoughts, and various notions
(vext,
You think all true this moment, falſe the next.
Remember this, and be this truth believ'd,
He, who knows Woman beſt, may be deceiv'd.

In

In Infant times, the Sex was once betray'd;
By ſubtle wiles, and cloſe devices lay'd,
The Cunning Serpent had deceiv'd the Maid.
Now every Fair has his deceits diſcern'd,
His Artful turns, and all his windings learn'd.
Secret from them he has reſerv'd no wile,
Woman could now the Serpent's ſelf beguile.
Now with joyn'd Pow'rs ſhe can the World de-
ceive,
At once the Serpent, and at once the *Eve*.
Believe them not, truſt not the Gawdy Snare,
For every Maid is falſe, as ſhe is fair.
The more deceit the inward Woman bears,
The more the Varniſh in her Face appears.
Falſe as they are, ſeem not at all to doubt,
Diſſembling Ignorance, you trace them out.
Could they be true, yet falſe believe them ſtill,
Where ill may come, ſtand guarded from the ill.

Let

Let your Addreſſes ſtill theſe colours bear,
Exceſſive Love, faint hopes, and doubting fear,
And let her ſometimes think you quite deſpair,
Interpret all in the ſevereſt Senſe,
But chooſe your ſelf the ſofteſt meaning thence.
Of her unkindneſs to the Nymph complain;
Whatever ſound bears a more pleaſing ſtrain,
Seem not to hear, and beg that breath again.
Hence mighty Pleaſures flow, hence Joys improve,
And hence ariſes ſweet endearing Love.
Charge her Remember what ſhe kindly ſaid,
And ſeem all Raviſh't with the Charming Maid.
Now is the time to preſs her Hands, and Vow,
Now is the time, urge faſt your Conqueſts now.
Sigh ſadly oft, with gentle ſtrugglings ſtart.
As if ſhe ſeiz'd, againſt your Will, your Heart.
Oft tho' you ſigh, your breath muſt ſmother'd riſe,
Believe me, Youth, there is an Art in ſighs.
Doubt not, thus ſmother'd they will reach her Ear,
She hears them all; but will not ſeem to hear.

Let

Let your heav'd Breaſt raiſe but imperfect ſounds,
Thence ſhe infers how inwardly ſhe Wounds.
Love is a Paſſion, and where words may fail,
The inward workings of the Soul prevail.
The Soul's Emotion beſt her truth aſſures,
From that ſhe thinks you her's, and thence grows yours.
Maids, like young Conjurers, that Charm have rais'd,
That ſpright, fond Love, by which themſelves are ſeiz'd.
He, who to Maids diſſembles, muſt excel,
You cheat your ſelf, if you perform not well.
'Tis not enough you can two Faces ſhew,
Both wear the Mask, and ſeem to want it too.
Let all be plauſible whate're you tell,
Tis no deceit if you deceive her well.
When at a loſs ſometimes for Am'rous lies,
The naked truth may be the beſt diſguiſe.
So, by the Nymph, who had but now comply'd,
And ſpoke kind words, thoſe words are now deny'd.

As in this Breath ſhe utter'd truth, the next
With double Errours has that truth perplext.
As you would have her mean, interpret ſo,
Unwary truth will in ſoft Paſſion Flow.
Regard not, Youth, what ſhe ſhall now deny,
But cut that Gordian Knot you can't untie.
Perhaps, thro' modeſt, baſhful Virgin fears,
She, crys, that Speech a double meaning bears.
Or at the moſt, if you believe it kind,
It ſlipt unlicens'd from her tender Mind.
So ſoft ſhe Breaths kind Accents to your Ear,
As if the Baſhful Creature could not bear
That ſhe her ſelf ſhou'd her own fondneſs hear.
Tho' with deſign ſome moving Accent breaks,
Yet ſhe appears unknowing what ſhe ſpeaks.
Here ſmiles the ſhining Seaſon of your Reign,
But for a while let us remove the Scene,
View Clowdy Skies, Proud Frowns, and Cold
(Diſdain.

Obſerve

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from Experienc'd skill,
And tho' ſhe Thunders, you ſhall Conquer ſtill.

Conſtancy.

PErhaps the Haughty Nymph thy Preſence (ſhun's,
And *Daphne* like from the purſuer runs.
Bold, like the Youthful *Phœbus*, follow, you,
Swift tho' ſhe flys, do thou as ſwift purſue.
Intreat, like him, like him, maintain thy way,
Stay, *Phœbus* cry'd, my Charming *Daphne*, ſtay,
The Winds bore her, and his loſt Pray'rs away.
Yet, as he follow'd faſt the Flying Maid,
The more he ſaw her Fleet, the more he Pray'd.
A long, long Courſe the Virgin had maintain'd,
But what he follow'd long, at laſt he gain'd.

He

He gain'd that Fair, who did his Paſſion flee,
Not now a Virgin, yet he claſpt her Tree.
Let not her change in thee ſuſpicion raiſe,
There are no *Daphne's* in theſe kinder Days.
All that ſhe could, ſhe did; her Lawrel bow'd,
At his each gentle Breath, to thank the God.

The Muſe.

HEnce am I mov'd to warn thee of the fate,
Which do's on moſt Poetick Lovers wait.
Enervate here the Poet owns his Charm,
Numbers, which once could Fire, now hardly (warm
Verſe, ſlighted Verſe, will but with few prevail;
How ſhall we hope, if *Phœbus* ſelf could fail?
If thou thy racking ſufferings would'ſt rehearſe,
In Numbers ſweet and ſoftly ſliding Verſe.

All

All thou wilt gain, the Maid ſhall be admir'd,
Ador'd by all, who has thy Songs inſpir'd.
Thou, the Nymphs Fame ſhall't by thy Numbers raiſe,
Looſe *Daphne*, certain, for uncertain Bays.
Thy hard ill-fated Errour ſhall't thou ſee,
And Sing at laſt, a hopeleſs Swain like me.
Amaſia firſt made me in Numbers write,
Love gave me Verſe, and Verſe gave Love delight.
From all my Songs this only could I find,
They ſooth'd my Paſſion, and bewitch'd my Mind
Verſe fann'd my Love, made my own wiſhes blaze,
But no ſoft kindlings in her Breaſt could raiſe.
Love taught me Notions for ſoft Numbers fit,
If I had never Lov'd, I ne're had Writ.
As Paſſion firſt did Artleſs Songs improve,
More Artful now, my Songs ſhall teach to Love.
The Charming Sex my moving Songs ſhall Read,
The Swains ſhall Weep, the Raviſh't Virgins Bleed.

If Verſe has Charms, my flowing lines ſhall move,
And every Sighing Maid confeſs I Love.
Amaſia's ſelf, when all my Paſſion's known,
Spight of her Pride, that fatal truth ſhall own.
Deſpis'd my ſelf, let no ſad Swain deſpair,
All Virgins are not, like *Amaſia*, fair,
Nor feels an other Youth thoſe pangs I bear.
I Love too feircly, Love to ſuch exceſs,
I can't even wiſh my raging Paſſion leſs.
So feirce thoſe Fires, which ravage all my Breaſt
I ſhould run mad, ſhould I at laſt be bleſt,
So loſe *Amaſia* moſt when moſt poſſeſt.
If happier you wou'd more ſucceſsful be,
Love not! no, never fondly doat like me.
Like friendly Sea-marks, warning from the Coaſt,
I ſtand, to ſhew you where my ſelf was loſt.
Obſerve my precepts, fill you boſom'd Sayls,
And Steer a happy courſe with proſp'rous gales.

In *Ovid's* Days ſoft Numbers were admir'd,
Poetick lays the Raviſh't Virgins Fir'd.
The wiſhing Maids by tuneful meaſures mov'd,
The Song was valu'd, and the Poet Lov'd.
Now, Sacred Verſe no more it's Charms can hold.
But Beauty, Mercenary grown, is ſold,
And every *Danae* may be brib'd with Gold.
Jove, deckt in all the Enſigns of his Pow'r,
In the full Pride of God-head, Storms the Tow'r,
But enters only in his Golden Show'r.

Yet ſome there are, ſure yet ſome Maids remain,
Some gen'rous Maids, who ſcorn ſuch ſordid gain,
If then theſe Noble, Gen'rous Nymphs you find,
Write in ſoft Verſe, in Verſe reveal your Mind.
Still with an Air of Love your lines muſt rowl,
That in your Numbers ſhe may read your Soul.

If you attempt in Poeſy, write well,
He's curſt in Verſe, whoſe Genius can't excell.
Thus, tho' my flames may *Daphnis* flames ſurpaſs,
Yet am not I inſpir'd, as *Daphnis* was.
Daphnis may Sing, none can like *Daphnis* Sing,
Whilſt all his Numbers from his Paſſion Spring;
His ſofteſt Muſe do's in ſoft meaſures riſe,
His Muſe may Soar to his bright *Delia's* Eyes.
So, Soars the Lark, in airey meaſures born,
So Sings, when Springing from the ſmiling Corn,
And in ſweet tuneful ayres ſalutes the Morn.
Yet *Daphnis* ſelf, for ſweeteſt ſtrains renown'd,
Even *Daphnis* ſelf was not by *Delia* Crown'd.
At firſt, perhaps, unread your Note's return'd,
Your Perſon ſlighted, and your Paſſion ſcorn'd.
Deſpair not yet, thus niceſt Maids will ſlight,
But Write again, and yet again ſtill Write.

Now

Now more, and more your cruel pangs diſplay,
Say all the fondeſt wiſhes bid you ſay.
Tell her thoſe Eyes ſhould not ſo much diſpiſe,
Such Flames as kindled at thoſe Charming Eyes.

Device.

SEnd now unſeal'd thy Letter to her hands,
Cupid will fly, when you unlooſe his bands.
By ſecret ſlight your am'rous lines convey,
But let no Servant for her Anſwer ſtay.
She will, retir'd, peruſe what ſo you ſend,
Her curioſity ſhall ſtand your friend.
In the ſame place, where ſhe was ſo betray'd,
The Paper's thrown by the regardleſs Maid,
Unnotic'd left, and as neglected, lay'd.
This, for ſome time, practice with ſubtle *skill*,
What ſhe, unmarkt, may read, be ſure, ſhe will.

Let a fond note, thus dropt, at length declare
Your pangs are known to the ingrateful fair,
Say ſhe has Read, and you muſt now deſpair.
Tell her no farther ſhall her Slave preſume,
He only beggs ſhe will pronounce his doom.
When next ſhe's ſeen, the Charmer's Eyes ſhall ſhow,
Whether your lines have been perus'd, or no.
In her fair Eyes as plain her thoughts you note,
As ſhe did yours, when reading what you wrote.
Not Coyeſt Nymphs ſhall ſuch Devices ſhun;
Acontius thus the fair *Cydippe* won.
An Apple, bluſhing like her Cheeks, he threw,
The Golden Vow in Golden Letters drew,
Then, hurl'd it rolling in the Charmer's view.
The tempting Fruit the ſmiling Virgin bore,
Read what he Writ, and, in the Reading, Swore.
Too late the am'rous ſubtilty deſcry'd,
She Vow'd her ſelf the Young *Acontius* Bride.

With

With like ſucceſs may you deceive the Fair,
They fly, like Birds, to the well painted Snare.
When by thoſe Rules, which I preſcribe you,
(taught,
You may perceive them willing to be caught.
Hov'ring ſometime will they avoid the Gin,
But at the laſt ——
With gentle, modeſt fluttrings, venter in.
The careleſs Fair ſeems, as at firſt, unmov'd,
Seems not to think how tenderly ſhe's Lov'd.
Or frowns perhaps, exerts her cold diſdain,
For Maids are Tyrants, and when woo'd, they
(Reign
If Proud, ſhe Scorns, then has ſhe read your Flames,
And flys reſenting to the laſt extreams.
Deſpair not now, yet ſeem as you deſpair'd,
Be all your forces for the Storm prepar'd.
Believe me Youth, the hardeſt may be won,
The Artiſt gain'd that Maid he fram'd of Stone.

What ſhe reſents ſo high, ſhe moſt deſires,
In Froſty Woods rage ever ſcorching Fires.
Ætna, whoſe Surface is eternal Snow,
Do's at the Heart with inward burnings glow;
Above, all coldneſs, all on Fire below.
The weakeſt Virgins ſtill their proweſs boaſt,
As tim'rous Cowards ever bluſter moſt.
With a falſe ſhow a while maintain the Field,
But when you preſs them hard, how ſoon they yeild?
Soft are their Breaſts, urge your addreſſes oft,
Feell then, their Souls are as their Boſoms ſoft.

Indifference.

SHE ſcorns you not perhaps, but what is worſe,
Indiff'rent ſeems; Indiff'rence is a curſe.
Alas! her looſe indiff'rence can't be born,
You think Indiff'rence the ſevereſt ſcorn.

She

She thinks ſo too, and as ſhe fancies ſo,
Reſolves the utmoſt rigour ſhe will ſhow:
Maids thence pretend they can our Paſſions know.
Am I the Maſter of my Art believ'd,
If ſo, moſt certain they are far deceiv'd.
'Tis as their tempers in the Lovers Reign,
Some diſdain haughty Nymphs, as they diſdain,
And tho' unforc'd would follow, break their chain.
Such be thy humour, or if that's too much,
Feign it at leaſt, let her believe it ſuch.
As ſhe has ſeem'd regardleſs of your Pray'r,
Seem you unthoughtful of the feigning fair.
With your Companions, as you paſs along,
Smile, be all Air, tune ſome indiff'rent Song,
Thence ſhall ſhe Judge your Paſſion now not ſtrong.
If her drawn Window you by chance paſs by,
Darting that way let her not mark your Eye.

If you will look, caſt not a ſide-long glance,
But ſeem to ſee her, as if ſeen by chance.
If ſhe perceive you looking ſtedfaſt on,
My Art is loſt, She's loſt, and you undone.
From laſting views ſtrait will the Maid remove,
Such are the practice of a mutual Love.
As you paſs by give her a plain ſalute,
Perhaps ſhe Sings, touches perhaps her Lute.
Paſs on regardleſs ſtill and let her Sing,
Tho' thy Heart ſhake more than the trembling
(String

Ah! be not fooliſhly bewitch'd as I,
My ſtruggling ſight would at her Window fly,
And I ſhou'd gaze, tho' for that gazing dye.
Stop not to hear her ayres, too dear 'twill coſt,
Strait would her tunes her height'ned triumph
(boaſt

To loftier ſtrains would her ſoft Muſick riſe,
And while ſhe acts the Conqueſts of her Eyes,
The Maid inſults, the Raviſh'd Lover dyes.

Your

Your Flames more force ſhall from ſuch ayres (aſſume,
Whilſt ſhe, as *Nero* once, plays o're her burning (*Rome.*
Stand not to fight, too powerful is the Foe,
Like *Parthians* fly, and you may Conquer ſo.
Like *Parthians* fly, but flying, ſeem to flight,
Dart not one glance in the deluding flight.
Fondly you wiſh to know the Charmer's mind,
You fancy now her glances may be kind;
And dearly long to caſt one glimpſe behind.
Orpheus, when climbing from the *Stygian* Coaſt,
Look'd but once back; what bleſſings could he (boaſt?
He loſt *Eurydice*, for ever loſt,
Loſt by one look, ſo dear, ſo lov'd a prize,
Loſt what he valu'd far beyond his Eyes.
Beyond thoſe Eyes, which hated thence the light,
Preferring rather her Eternal Night.
That fatal loſs he did for ever mourn,
And would again to *Stygian* ſhades return.

Could

Could he once more receive the lovely prize,
He would, in change, part with his fatal Eyes.
Let *Orpheus* fate thy happy warning be;
That Love is blindeſt which would always ſee.
If the reſtraint be ſuch you cannot brook,
But you will venture yet to ſteal a look,
To mark her Eyes, and gather thence her flames;
For there I know your pointed fancy aims.
Your looſer Glove, as if unnotic'd, drop,
Then, turn in haſt, glance quick, and take it up.
If now you find her from the Window gone,
Ten thouſand anxious doubts come rolling on.
Hence is it beſt you ſhould from looks forbear.
All cannot dive into the ſubtle fair,
Now Fire, now Ice, and now again She's Air.
In all their Breaſts Agues and Fevers Reign,
Now fixt, now fickle, and then fixt again,
Now all o're fondneſs, now all o're diſdain.

Le

Let none ſucceſs from feign'd indiff'rence doubt,
A little time will turn the Wheel about,
The Scene will ſhift, Poyſon drive Poyſon out.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
Tho' now you Fly, yet ſhall you Conquer ſtill.

Near her aboad watch in ſome ſecret Street.
And, as by chance, the paſſing Virgin meet.
With Ceremonial Complements ſalute,
Stand not to talk, to argue or diſpute;
But as your waving Hat ſalutes her now,
If ſhe looks ſmiling on you, ſmiling bow.
Thoſe ſmiles ſhe gives, the Maid, as Envoys, ſends,
And be aſſur'd, you are at laſt grown friends.
Write then again, again your Suit renew,
For Maids expect Men ſhould for ever Wooe,
Even thoſe, I know, who moſt deny us, do.

Tell

Tell her what Flames rage in your burning
(Breaſt,
Tell her your Paſſion cannot be expreſs't,
From what ſhe reads, ſay ſhe may Judge the
(reſt.
Beg but one Viſit, that you ſo may ſhow
Your real Paſſion, ſhe believe it ſo.
Your Letters Read, no anſwer ſhe returns,
She Smiles, perhaps, and crys, poor Youth! h
(burns
Laughs with her Maids, and plays upon you
(Stile
Whilſt in complyance too the Maids ſhall Smile,
No matter, you, who raiſe her Mirth ſo faſt,
Shall have the Power to raiſe her Tears at laſt.
The Miſtreſs Reads; the Maids attentive wait,
The grand affair ſome little time debate,
Then, cry —— but Madam, has he an Eſtate?

Gold

Gold.

CUrſe on your Helliſh Tongues, ye impious hence,
The Youth has Love, the Youth has wit and Senſe.
Conſtant in Truth, and moving in Addreſs,
And ſhall this Lover be deny'd Acceſs?
It will be ſo. —— This fatal Maxim hold;
Fleering Attendants muſt be brib'd with Gold.
What can't the Maid that's voluble of Tongue?
Falſe, ſhe ſhows true, and right ſhe renders wrong.
For ſhame, ye *Brittiſh* Maids! your Thrones maintain,
Reign all your ſelves; for thus your Servants Reign.
Thro' ways too Thorny do's that Swain purſue,
Who ſerves the Miſtreſs, and the Servants too.

All

All have not Gold, by which the Sex is won,
At leaſt I'm ſure that I my ſelf have none.
Thus Beauty do's a ſordid Traffick hold,
Sordid indeed, tho' thus it deals in Gold,
Whilſt Love, more pretious Love, is bought, and ſold.

How ſhall I heal, poor Swain! theſe fatal woes?
For Love and Poverty are mortal Foes.
Curſe on thoſe Sulph'rous Mines which feed the Oare,
Curſe on thoſe Miſers Eyes, which fed it more,
And gave it firſt that value, which it bore.
Want's a Diſeaſe for which I know no Cure,
Thoſe Swains will ſtill be ſlighted, who are poor.

Fond expectation may the Maids deceive,
Perhaps, your Paſſion may on promiſe live,
Promiſe hower' tho' you want Gold to give.
Nought ſhould to needy Lovers ſeem to hard,
Promiſe vaſt Golden Mountains for reward.

What you requeſt, if they believe, they grant,
Never, no never let them know your want.
Their expectation then their Aid excites;
Aloud the Lady reads your am'rous flights,
And the Maids cry,— how prettily he Writes!
But if you ſtill are giving, much have given,
They ſtretch your Bounty and your Praiſe to (Heav'n.
Brave, Handſom, Great, they term the Youth (that's free;
Thus brib'd with Gold, they would extoll ev'n me.
Inſpiring *Phœbus!* Let ſome Cauſe be told,
Why thy Beams make not for thy off-ſpring Gold.
Falſely attribute we thy guilded praiſe,
Gold is not ſure the Product of thy Rays.
If Gold be thine, thy Sons are Minors ſtill,
And you, ſevereſt Parent! Uſe them ill.
Hence with thy ill fam'd Laurel's uſeleſs Tree,
Its ſpreading Branches bear no Fruits for me.

Too plain its fatal barrenneſs is ſeen,
It never bloſſoms, tho' 'tis ever Green.
Wrire yet again, fond Youth! and by the Maid,
Let the ſoft, ſecret Letter be convey'd.
With guilded edges let thy Note be lac't,
'Tis fit thou give her all the Gold thou haſt.
The Maid's aſſiſtance in kind words implore,
Gain her, She ſoon ſhall gain your Miſtreſs more
By that Epiſtle, than by all before.
Now ſhall She practice all her cloſeſt Wiles,
She meets the ſmiling Charmer, then She ſmiles.
The Maid commends each flouriſh of your Pen,
Vows 'tis the prettieſt Letter She has ſeen.
Intreats an Anſwer from the gentler Fair,
Again intreats, renews again her pray'r,
And crys, how can you let the Youth deſpair?
In all his Lines ſuch melting Accents move,
Madam, I'm ſure he does ſincerely love.

Write

Write, tho' your Letter bear the hardeſt ſtrain,
Bid him deſiſt, tell him his Suit is vain;
Better to kill, than let him live in pain.
Charge him, command him, give his Paſſion o're,
Command the dying Youth to love no more.
Perhaps She Writes, but that's a large advance,
Who truſts her Pen, leanes on a yielding Lance.
Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.
Lye now in Ambuſh, and ſo Conquer ſtill.

Waiting not far the trembling Lover ſtands,
Receives the Letter from the Servants hands,
And ſeems Diſtracted at the hard Commands.
Diſturb not, Youth! Your anxious boſom ſo,
For She would have you come, who bids you go.

Paſſion.

KISS the dear Seal, lean in a penſive mood,
And ſoftly ſay, ſcarce to be underſtood,
Tell me— Ah! Tell me, are your Tydings good.
Wait not, expecting what the Maid replys,
Juſt look with languiſhing, with watry Eyes,
Breath ſome ſoft Accents, ſome abortive Sighs.
Then cry with ſhiv'ring ſtarts, as in ſome Fit,
Ah! Are you ſure, 'tis She her ſelf has Writ?
Haſte, break the Seal, with doubtful Joy peruſe,
Then, ſeem diſtracted at the diſmal News.
See her, no more!—— What Man the Thought (can bear?
Rave, and grow mad, tear your diſorder'd Hair,
Tear the dear Note, and toſs it to the Air.
Into a thouſand Pieces be it torn,
And on the Ground its trampled Ruines ſpurn.

Thus

Thus while you Rage, the Maid will needs be gone,
But now, let gentle Calmneſs be Put on.
Stay her a while, pick the dear Papers up,
And in her Hand prevailing Guineas drop.
Now is the Time, if you have Gold, to give,
And Vow, if ſcorn'd again, you will not live.
The ſimp'ring Maid gives all the hopes She can,
Crys,—— be not ſo dejected, play the Man.
Proteſts She will her utmoſt Pow'rs exert,
Uſe all endeavours, practice every Art,
To raiſe ſoft Love in the obdurate Heart.
In a ſhort time, the kind, induſtrious Maid,
Inſtructs you how a Viſit may be paid,
Tells you the Fair will condeſcend to hear,
And know the utmoſt meaning of your Pray'r.
Perhaps, informs you only of ſome Walk,
Crys,— meet her there, there may you freely talk.

Courage, young Hero! Towns will quickly yield,
When once they Treat with the beſeiging Field.

Addreſs.

LET your Addreſs the humbleſt boldneſs ſhow,
So gain your Conqueſts, and maintain them ſo.
Breath at her Feet the Triumphs of her Eyes,
That Love ſtoops loweſt, which ſublimeſt flies,
Sweet is the ſound, when ſhe ſhall bid you riſe.
With eager ſhiv'rings let her Hands be preſt,
Enervate force ſpeaks the fond Soul the beſt,
Let words urge all you can, and Murmurs breath
the reſt.
From your fond Eyes let haſty glances rowl,
Like troubled notions from the Poet's Soul.
The ſpeaking Eyes the fondeſt thoughts declare;
Charm'd by her looks, yours muſt all ſweetneſs wear,
Your Viſage guilded with a ſmiling air.

Preſſing

Preſſing her Hands, while you approach more nigh,
She backward leans, diſdainful, coyly ſhy.
Forbear, ſhe crys, what mean you, Sir, forbear;
Obey her now, but now bend yet more near.
Love is a Theft, and you muſt ſoftly Steal,
Obtain the favour firſt, and then conceal.
Whate'r advances in your Suit are got,
Seem as if you your ſelf perceiv'd them not.
Whilſt fondeſt Lovers ſuch devices find,
From hence it grows Love is reputed blind.
Thus may your Hands glide gently to her Breaſt,
Thus may thoſe ſwelling ſoftneſſes be preſt.
Thus by kind art thou on Love's Thrones ſhal't Reign,
But if you can't your Conqueſts ſtill maintain,
Back let your Hands ſoftly be drawn again.
Again approach within a little while,
That Sky which thunders now, e're long will ſmile;
Theſe favours flow not from firſt Viſits paid,
The ſoft rewards of long addreſſes made.

Sometimes, the fair puts on a clowded Brow,
And what but late was granted, is not now.
The Charming Sex, ſtill on new tryals bent,
Shew that their favours are not given, but lent.
Humour her preſent Coyneſs, ſeem reſerv'd,
Maids muſt ſometimes by your neglect be ſerv'd,
Feed their diſdain, tho' their deſires be ſtarv'd.
Now, fondly gaze, as her heav'd Boſom pants,
And preſs that breaſt, which your ſoft preſſes wants,
Againſt her will, what pleaſes her, ſhe grants.
With ſtruggling hands let the dear Charm be preſt,
Tell her your Heart dwells in her panting Breaſt.
Some faint Eſſays ſhe makes, lays ſoft Commands,
And gently ſtrives, and with the gentleſt hands.
The ſhort efforts ſhe makes are never ſtrong,
Her Eyes entreat you, and her melting Tongue,
But all their ſoft entreaties laſt not long.

To her own Breaſts her wand'ring Hands repair,
Which when you feel, receive, and preſs them there;
Forbear ſhe crys, but hopes you won't forbear.
Her tender Hands remove not yours, but ſtay,
Alas! neglected in her lap they lay.
Why do's her Breaſt her Charming Hand receive?
'Tis to touch yours, which ſuch endearings give.
Let not her Snowy Fingers now be blam'd;
They would preſs too, but that ſhe's yet aſham'd.
Whilſt your each touch, ſoft wiſhing thoughts impart,
Your Hand runs thro' her to the very Heart.
Much tho' they pleaſe, they muſt at laſt remove,
I teach not ſtill the ſame continu'd Love.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
Now Fight, now Fly, ſo ſhall you Conquer ſtill.

Earneſt reſentments now ſhe ſeems to ſhow,
And crys you hurt her, who have Charm'd her ſo.

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How

How dares your Hand into her Breaſt intrude?
Your Love's ill breeding, and your Paſſion rude.
Diſſembling fair! who almoſt ſenſe ſurpaſs,
You would not for the World he thought it was.

Submiſſion.

TRembling attention to her Anger lend;
Own the offence, you may again offend.
Whilſt under ſoft correction Lovers live,
Maids feel a certain Pride, when they forgive.
Seem half diſtracted with the racking guilt,
She feels in earneſt what you feigning felt.
Diſplay, in all your troubled homage, pain,
Proteſt ſincere in this repentant ſtrain,
Never, no, never will you Sin again.
Keep then, ſhe crys, what you have vow'd ſo deep.
And ſeems to doubt your want of pow'r to keep.

Crys,

Crys, with the ſweeteſt, moſt deluding skil,
She fears you will not, while ſhe fears you will;
Admires, to what new freedom you preſume,
And wonders whence that liberty ſhould come.
You, like ſome Sentenc'd Criminal appear,
Your very guilt ſhall bribe the Juſtice here.
Whilſt, thus dejected, you forbear to touch,
She crys, ſhe did not think your boldneſs ſuch;
Some ſmall allowance giv'n, you take too much.

Sadneſs.

THE more your ſad Humility is ſeen,
The more, She crys, has your aſſurance been.
Sunk in offence, whilſt thus the Lover lyes,
He but ſubmits, to Conquer; kneels, to riſe.
She pitys now your Melancholly air,
And cannot drive you to ſo deep Deſpair.

Grows

Grows kinder ſtill, ſince the ſoft calm began,
Calls you the fondeſt, — moſt deſiring Man —
As in ſome fit, ſeem fainting to the ground,
And ſigh, as tortur'd with ſome inward wound.
From your ſad mood, whatever arts it coſt,
She charms you now, nor ſhall her charms be loſt.

Fear.

NOW ſhe permits, now may your hands aſcend,
Seem you yet doubtful, leaſt you yet offend.
Half heav'd to riſe, let them again fall down;
This ſhall your utmoſt, ſofteſt wiſhes crown.
Thy hands her own ſhall to thoſe ſeats reſtore,
By which ſo late they were repulſt before.
Here ſeems Poſſeſſion of the Charmer giv'n,
And the fault's thine, if thou wilt thence be driv'n.
Bleſt in theſe blooming, flow'ry Gardens dwell,
Thy Senſes ſhall grow raviſht with the ſmell.

Her

Her Boſom will a ſcent more grateful yeild,
Than Roſes glowing in the bluſhing Feild.
Ah! do not now this kindeſt Charm abuſe,
Deſire not fruits forbidden by the Muſe,
Longing for thoſe, this Paradiſe you loſe.
Breath am'rous murmurs there, breath tender ſighs,
And kiſs her Breaſts, as you perceive them riſe.

Fondneſs.

PLay with thy Fingers twining in her Hair,
In every curl *Cupid* has pitch't his ſnare,
Thy fondneſs, dallying in ſuch wiles, ſhall ſhew,
The well pleas'd Virgin more inſnar'd than you,
Claſp now her Waſt, claſp faſt the ſlender Maid,
Cloſe to her glowing Cheek let yours be lay'd,
Speak now in whiſpers, tho' no Soul be nigh,
Sigh, and now hear the yeilding Maid ſhall ſigh.

Ask from what Cauſe that tender ſigh could flow,
Strait, the Effect the charming Cauſe ſhall ſhow,
She ſighs again, and crys ſhe does not know.
In a ſoft Tone purſue your ſoft Addreſs,
Play with her Hand, and her dear Fingers preſs,
And ſeem diſturb'd you can't her Sorrows gueſs.
Her ſighs, ſhe ſays, no known Afflictions move;
The Cauſe not Grief, victorious Youth! 'tis Love.
Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill,
Yield more and more, ſo ſhall you conquer ſtill.
With wiſhing Eyes, cry, can it, can it be,
That thoſe dear ſighs in pity roſe for me?

Modeſly.

Modeſty.

NOw, in her Cheeks ſpreads the ſoft, baſhful (Bluſh,
And mantling Streams in modeſt fluſhings ruſh.
Silent ſhe ſits, with down-caſt Eyes a while,
Nor knows to frown, nor does ſhe know to ſmile.
Her yeilding Viſage now appears to wear
A Virgin ſhame mixt with a thoughtful Air.
Thus look you too, ſeem baſhful, and aſham'd,
As if the Queſtion you propos'd, were blam'd.
That ſhame-fac't Air, her Mein ſhall then expreſs
Becomes her well, nor would become you leſs.
Think it not ſtrange, Rules for your looks are lay'd;
The change of Viſage charms the wiſhing Maid.
Link her fair Fingers in the gentleſt Bands,
And print ſoft Kiſſes on her ſnowy Hands.
Still between whiles renewing your Addreſs,
Now fondly kiſs them, and now fondly preſs

Now,

Now, with deſcending Lips the Charm maintain,
Now riſing, raiſe it to thoſe Lips again.
On her blew Veins let riſing ſighs be ſpread,
Fire thus the Veins of the deſiring Maid.

Deſire.

NOw gazing, fix on her's your wiſhing Eyes,
Look longing, languiſhing with fond ſur-
prize,
And ſighing, ſeem as you would hide your ſighs.
Now with a trembling fear her Lips approach,
Steal to her balmy Lips, and gently touch.
Tho' at the firſt attempt your Aim you miſs,
Yet ſnatch the pieces of the broken Kiſs.
Riſe by degrees, till the firſt fears are gone,
And ruſh at laſt with gentle Tranſports on.
Lean on her Breaſts; thus on your guard beneath,
Catch every breath you ſee the Charmer breath.

Doub

Doubt not, ſuch fondneſs will the Virgin pleaſe;
In Ambuſh lye, and as She Salleys, ſeize.
Now, in warm Raptures ruſh upon the Foe,
Ruſh on that fragrant Breath, which Charms thee ſo,
And ſpread long Kiſſes there ——
Long preſs her cloſe, and ſcarce at laſt let go.
Tho' thou haſt ſnatch'd a thouſand from her Store,
Spread ſtill her Cheeks with roving Kiſſes o're,
And ſtill complain, deſirous ſtill of more.
Kiſs, tho' your Lips with their long kiſſing ſmart,
Seem thus diſſatisfy'd, and bleſs my Art.
Ye tender Maids! How can you blame my Song;
I raiſe your Joys, yet not your Honours wrong.
No fatal Miſchief in my Art is found,
I hurt not much, who but with Kiſſes wound.
If, Youth, you hear the injur'd Nymph complain,
Thoſe Kiſſes which you robb'd, reſtore again.

By me no wrong to the ſoft Sex is done,
Return an Hundred, tho' you ſnatch'd but one.
If there be any Fair my Art offends,
My Art,(if known,) ſhall make her large amends.
Love is a Child, that Love thy Poet ſings
Is ever born on in-offenſive Wings.
Cupid, not *Venus*, ſhall my numbers raiſe,
The Infant *Cupid* hurts not, when he plays.
Now, happy Youth! Thy Tutor's Art confeſs,
That certain Art, which can thy Wiſhes bleſs.
Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill
Charge not too far, ſo ſhall you conquer ſtill.

Thus far advanc'd in the endearing ſtrain,
What thou may'ſt yet deſire, does yet remain;
As you embrace, to be embrac'd again.
Crown me with Roſes, and with Myrtles Crown,
The Charmer's Heart, her Soul ſhall be your own.

But

But firſt, before to this requeſt you move,
Urge the dear Fair; your utmoſt Arts improve,
Till you have heard her Breath thoſe Words——I love.

Whilſt now, fond Youth! As I preſcribe, you do,
You ſhall gain Conqueſts, and maintain them too,
Yes, you ſhall triumph, and your Spoils grow new.

Fonder, and fonder let your Suit be mov'd,
Convince her throughly She's entirely lov'd.

Zeal.

A Precept, yet untaught, I teach you now,
Vow very rarely, but then warmly Vow.
They who ſwear oft, ſhould not be oft believ'd,
For if they be, the Nymph may be deceiv'd.
Work up your Paſſion to the laſt exceſs,
Great as it is, let it appear not leſs.

Let Love on all its Wings, extended, fly,
And feel, if poſſible, when ſoar'd ſo high,
Feel all you Act, almoſt run Mad, and dye.
He who expects the Nymph ſhould Crown his pains.
Should, for the time, feel every Thing he feigns.
So on the Stage the purple Emp'rour ſtands,
His fancy'd Throne propt by applauding Hands.
Thus rais'd, imaginary Worlds he ſways,
And thinks himſelf that Monarch which he Plays.
On him the Subject Audience fix their Eyes,
The very Poet Credits his own Lies,
And the Fair weep, when with falſe Wounds he dyes.
Be bold, and but believe you ſhall excell,
There's none ſo dull, but may diſſemble well.
Study no Form, but as D——s Pray,
Speak with warm Zeal, no matter what you ſay,
You can't Diſſemble half ſo well as They.

If

If you complain in a *too* Charming ſtrain,
She may delight to hear you *ſtill* complain.
Still let your Thoughts imperfect Accents break,
And mingle melting Kiſſes, as you ſpeak.
When e'er ſhe ſighs, her riſing Breaſts obſerve,
Take them as yours, and vow how true you ſerve
Soon as ſhe grants ſome favour you implore,
With Words and Kiſſes thank her o're, and o're;
One favour giv'n, is a new Grant for more.
Purſue her cloſe, and ſhe will give ſo faſt,
That ſhe ſhall kindly give her ſelf at laſt.
In your Diſcourſe let am'rous reaſonings move,
A real Paſſion ſhall your Thoughts improve,
Your Senſe ſhall leſs inſtruct you than your Love.
Reaſon, ſhe crys, no ſuch requeſt demands;
Reaſon avaunt;-- urge, theſe are Love's commands,
And ſpeaking ſigh, and preſs more cloſe her hands.
Then, if ſhe ſmiles, that ſmile the Grant inſures,
By all my Art, *if I have Art*, She's yours.

Sorrow.

WEep, if thou can'ſt, or if thou can'ſt not, (feign,
The Sun ſhines warmeſt after Show'rs of Rain.
When She perceives you gaze with watry Eyes,
She thinks thoſe dewy Drops from Fires ariſe.
By ſome feign'd Story firſt the Maid muſt know,
You can't believe Tears from your Eyes can flow;
She thē remembrance in her Mind ſhall keep:
You ſaw your Mother dye, yet could not weep.
Then when She ſees you weeping at each Breath,
She thinks Love's pow'r beyond the pow'r of Death.
Strait, the kind Nymph in your fond weakneſs (ſhares;
For there's a ſoft Infection lodg'd in Tears.
Thus even by Tears you ſhall the Virgin fire,
Like Oyl, ſuch Waters make Love's flames aſpire.

Tho'

Tho' you weep not, for Tears uncertain riſe,
Bending aſide, yet ſeem to wipe your Eyes.
Now is the time your Bleſſings to improve,
Now is the time for happy mutual Love.
Urge now the Fair her Paſſion to confeſs,
Her Eyes ſpeak Love, nor let her Tongue ſpeak leſs.
Fond, tender Words, ſoft as her Tears, ſhall glide,
Love ever flows in Sorrow's gentle Tide.

Pity.

PErhaps, at firſt She ſhall kind Pity own,
And cry, you cannot think She's perfect Stone:
If once She Pities, let all Fears be paſt,
For none e're pity'd, but She lov'd at laſt.
Pity, Love's gentle Uſher, ſmooths her way;
Love after Pity makes no long delay.

Now are all Dangers paſt, all Storms blown ore,
The bounding Veſſel Gains the wiſht-for Shore.
When moſt you ſee her kindneſs, moſt ſeem blind,
And call her Cruel, tho' you know her kind.
Allmoſt poſſeſt, ſeem wholly to Deſpair,
Your Viſits now for ſome ſhort time forbear;
Feigning diſtracted Doubts, you gain the Fair.
By ſecret Wiles, ſeem, as your Soul were mov'd
By other Charms; as you ſome other lov'd.

Jealouſie.

LOve, like Religion, can no Rival brook;
By this Device She ſhall be faſteſt took,
She only waits that you ſhould draw the Hook.
Land, ſpar'd a while, returns the vaſter Gain,
The cleaving Earth, that gapes, and thirſts for Rain,
Drinks greedier deep, when Showers fall again.

You

You may, you muſt, from Viſits now deſiſt,
You ſhall be Charm'd, when charg'd from being miſt.
Long, long Experience this great Truth aſſures,
Believing you ſome others, She grows yours.
Money, nor Health, we value, while poſſeſt,
But when once loſt, oft have ſad Sighs expreſt,
Could we again obtain, how much ſhould we be bleſt!
Thus 'tis with Love, the beſt, the deareſt Wealth,
The trueſt Bleſſing, and the ſweeteſt Health.
Thus, whilſt vain coyneſs in the Virgin reigns,
What moſt She values, She the moſt diſdains.
So will the peeviſh Child, that Toy deſpiſe,
For which, when once hurl'd croſly down, he crys.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
And go off Conquering, ſo to Conquer ſtill.

Abſence.

AS I muſt teach your Preſence how to Fire,
Not leſs your abſence does my Art require.
For ſome ſhort time keep wholy from her ſight,
Write not in haſt, tho' you at laſt may Write.
Now, at each turn croſs by her in the Street,
At every Corner the dear Charmer meet.
Before her move, and now behind her ſtay,
And ſeem, as chance, not purpoſe, led your Way.
Let your Eyes languiſh, your Head droop, look pale,
Seem ſickly, She may ask you what you ail.
You no true Cauſe of your feign'd Sickneſs tell,
Bow, as She ſpeaks, and Anſwer you are Well.
In ſome ſad Poſture, heavy Sadneſs ſhow,
Say you are Well, or hope will ſoon be ſo.
If She without this Notice paſſes by,
Salute her only with your glancing Eye.

Let no weak fondneſs on your Soul intrude,
Love's more than civil, when it thus ſeems rude.
Give not the common Complements in uſe,
Yet oft ſail ſoftly by the Charmer's Houſe.

Pride.

AS you paſs by, perhaps, She laughs aloud,
Seems, of thoſe Trophies She has loſt, (grown proud;
Wave you your hand, your neck be humbly bow'd.
Falſe are thoſe Triumphs, Fair One! Which you (boaſt,
You cannot ſlight thoſe Conqueſts you have loſt.
As I direct, ſalute her ſeeming ſlight,
Appear to thank her for her fleering Spight.
Amongſt her Maids, might the true Cauſe be gueſt,
What mov'd her laughter was ſome trifling Jeſt.
Whilſt She jocoſely her feign'd Scorn ſhall ſhew,
Seem to conceive She made the Jeſt at you.

Half

Half Mad walk on, amend your tardy pace,
And as you turn ſome Corner, turn your Face,
Give a ſhort ſcorning glance, but ſtand not, do
(not gaze.

Now ſhall her laughter vex the Charmer more,
As She believes it anger'd you before.
You, paſt from ſight, She and her Maids a while,
Again ſhall laugh, and at that Laughter ſmile.
On let their Mirth ſtill in new Thunders rowl,
Inward She's rack'd, and tortur'd to the Soul.
I know thy ſubtleſt Wiles, deceitful Fair!
Nor will be cheated with thy guilded Air.
Now do'ſt thou Wiſh his Viſits were renew'd,
And wiſh with Pain thou might'ſt again be woo'd.
Thus have I ſeen the ſportive Children ſtand,
Pulling ſome Rope with their enervate Hand;
All their Collected little Strength they try,
And draw, and ſtrain; but if you Conquer, cry,

Let

Let fly the end, they ſmile, and are in pain,
Till they have given it you to pull again.

Coldneſs.

NOw She walks oft abroad to take the Air.
Frequents thoſe Groves frequented by the Fair,
The *Park*, the *Mall*, where the fond Sparks repair.
You, ſeen at diſtance, known, yet ſtill She asks,
Crys, is that he? and e're She's anſwer'd, masks.
Why this Device? ye ſubtile masking Fair!
Ye beſt diſſemble with your Faces bare;
A double Mask is too, too much to wear.
Why muſt thoſe Clouds obſcure your radiant Eyes?
From ſuch Deformity can Beauty riſe?
Why are you hid, when longing to be known,
Dare you not Fight without your Armour on?
As you paſs by, the ſubtile Fair ſhall turn,
She hopes you know her noted Garments worn.

Seem

Seem not to know, let no Salute be paid,
But Rally, mildly ſharp, the masking Maid.
Perhaps, the kind Attendant ſhall diſplay
Her waving Handkerchief, to Court your ſtay.
If the White Flag flies waving to the Field,
The Warriour knows the Charming Fort will yield.
The Maid, perchance, with an alluring Grace,
Grants ſome quick Scetches of her ſimpring Face.
Whilſt her ſpread Fan, held cunningly, is born,
That very Fan you had ſo lately torn.
Becks with her Hand, and now turns ſhort, now ſtands;
Do you return her Beckons with your Hands.
Oft She allures you with well-ſhifted Scenes,
While you ſtill ſeem unknowing what She means.
Beauty's a Feaſt, to which you ſhould be preſt,
Invited oft to be a welcome Gueſt,
Who ſeems to ſhun the Bleſſing, moſt is bleſt.

He

He who of each Advantage will take hold,
Fearful appears, Deſigning, but not bold.
Catching at all, who every Scent purſues,
Shall follow Shadows, and the Subſtance loſe.
Thus, by looſe Play ſoft Squires are ſoon drawn in,
Gameſters ſtand ever longeſt out, who win.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill.
And ſtand off Conquering, ſo to Conquer ſtill.

Reading perhaps in the obſcureſt Grove
The Fair One ſits, ſome Book that treats of Love.
Ev'n *Sylvius*, Numbers may perhaps be read,
Tho' not my ſelf, my Verſe may charm the Maid.
With folded Arms paſs Melancholly by,
Now ſoftly Murmur, and now ſoftly ſigh.
Paſs back again, and yet again return,
And ſeem the loſs of ſome dear Friend to Mourn.
Your languid Arms croſs your ſad Breaſt be thrown,
You preſs *her* Heart, whilſt thus you preſs *your own.*

Enter

Enter at laſt, made by your Paſſion fleet,
And throw your ſelf beneath the Charmer's Feet.
Your ſtruggling Lips abortive Accents break,
Seem much to ſtrive, but do not, do not ſpeak.
As frighted, out She ruſhes like the Wind;
You muſt expect you will a Tempeſt find;
Perhaps, She leaves my ſlighted Book behind.
So high her rais'd Reſentment may be born,
Perhaps, not ſlighted only, 'twill be torn.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill
Go on repulſt, yet ſo to Conquer ſtill.

Lift up my Lines, purſue her as She flyes,
Perſent them humbly to her angry Eyes.
Let my ſoft Verſe be to her Hands reſtor'd,
Tell her, ſcorn'd Love inſpir'd each flowing word,
Tell her this fatal Truth——
None ever lov'd like *Sylvius*, none ador'd.

Tell

Tell her, for this I know you long to tell,
And I allow it,—— Vow you love as well.
If to receive my Book you find her free,
Sigh then, and ſpeak, as if you envy'd me.

The Reward.

SUcceſs ſufficient in this Charm I boaſt,
This only gain'd, my Labours are not loſt.
Who would not Write, while Love commanding ſtands?
Who would not love? Held in ſuch tender bands;
She claſps my living numbers in her Hands.
In her fair Hands my tuneful Numbers row'l,
And if She reads, they flow into her Soul.
Tuneful indeed is all my Artful Song,
And like a ſilver Current glides along,
Whilſt warbled ſweetly from her fluent Tongue.
As my ſoft Verſe the moving Virgin ſpeaks,
Not I, but She, the melting Numbers makes.

Thus *Orpheus* play'd, thus at his tuneful call,
Saw the charm'd Stones in Artful meaſures fall;
Thus play'd *Amphion* too——
Thus built his Fame, building the *Theban* Wall.
Cloſe is my Book preſt by the angry Maid,
Nor you, nor I, can hope She now ſhall read.
Bleſt be thoſe Hands which preſs my Numbers ſo,
My melting Soul does in thoſe Numbers flow.
Beyond my ſelf I find my Verſes bleſt,
Their Author may not by thoſe Hands be preſt.

Fate of Poets.

MY Book fair bound perhaps the Maid receives,
For guilded Cover, and for golden Leaves.
Curſt be the Artiſt, who the pains ſhall take;
No golden Preſent to the Fair I make.
I charge you ceaſe, your impious hands with-hold,
Againſt my Will muſt I preſent her Gold?

The

The Sex would *Midas* golden Wiſh reſtore,
And turn whate'er they touch to ſhining Oare.
As *Midas* did, may ſuch fair Miſers thrive;
For golden Verſe is all I have to give.
The cheating Trades-Man's *ſenſeleſs Son* ſwells great,
With Titles puff't, ſupported with Eſtate,
Whilſt his guilt Charriot thunders thro' his Gate.
Of his new Pageantry, new Honours proud,
The *lolling Brute* ore-looks the nobler Crowd.
Rais'd on ſtrong Braſs, ſlighting the Pow'rs above,
Salmoneus like, he fancies he's ſome *Jove*;
But more, far more, he claims a right to Love.
Long, powder'd Wiggs ſhow *Swarthy S—l* Fair,
Dreſs ſhall adorn the *Aukward*, *Ruſtick* Heir.
He who has Gold, each Charmer's heart commands,
Tho' dull as Hinds, who plow his Father's Lands;
Whilſt at each word he offers ſhining Oare.
I muſt confeſs my boaſted Art but poor.

He, in that Word, more charming Force diſplays,
Than I in all my Numbers, all my Lays.
The flippant Lawyer, canting, gains Supplies,
Gets Gold by noiſy bawling, lives by Lyes.
If at the thund'ring Bar he knows to plead,
His Suit goes ſtill ſucceſsful with the Maid.
The *ſtruting H——s* of his Feathers proud,
Is, without fighting, conſtant pay allow'd,
For wearing gawdy Cloaths, and ſwearing loud.
Bnt Poets with the love of Courts are Curſt,
Which leaves them Poets, as it found them firſt;
Thought wholly for the ſmalleſt Truſt unfit,
And reckon'd uſeleſs for their very Wit.
By ſome ſtrange whirl of Fate confus'dly hurl'd,
At once above, and yet beneath the World.
Like the doom'd Wretch, whom in the Floods (they Paint,
Exalted o're thoſe Bleſſings which they want.

Perſeverance.

Perſeverance.

ADdreſs the Maid, your Reſolution hold.
You yet ſhall Conquer, tho' you have not (Gold.
Tho' She would fly, perſwade her yet to ſtay,
And ſcatter bluſhing Roſes in her way.
With gentle Force let her awhile be held;
By *gentle Force* Maids love to be compell'd.
Deſiſt not Youth till thou haſt gain'd the Field;
For you muſt Conquer, or She cannot yield.
Pray'rs on repeated Pray'rs be ſtill renew'd;
Maids ever fly, in hopes to be purſu'd.
Still tho' She frowns, give not your Courtſhip o're,
Still tho' She frowns, preſs harder than before,
Entreat a thouſand times, ten thouſand more.
Think not I here impoſe too hard a Task,
The grant Charms moſt, yet much it Charms to ask.

After denyals on denyals paſt,
What long She Vows She won't, She will at laſt.
Ten thouſand, thouſand times has She reply'd,
Oft as you ask'd, has She as oft deny'd?
Yet at the laſt ſhall you your Suit obtain,
When She believes you will not ask again.
Tho' She proteſts, do not her Vows believe;
The fair Deceiver ſhall her ſelf deceive.

Her Actions, and her Words ſhall ne'er agree,
Her Words are Air, like that to which they flee,
Her Vows diſſolv'd, ſhall in the Air be free.

If now, inrag'd, She weares a clowdy Brow,
She's only fearful leaſt She kind ſhould grow.

Quit her howe'er, be my late Truths forgot,
And knowing well, yet ſeem to know them not.
Sigh ſadly now, and preſſing, looſe her Hand;
Then bow —— She flyes, you ſtill dejected ſtand.

Quit

Quit not the Place, till out of ſight She flies,
And as She fleets, purſue her with your Eyes.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill
For, if She flies, ſo ſhall you Conquer ſtill.

Write now again, feign Sickneſs and Deſpair,
And let ſome Friend the diſmal Tydings bear.
If thus ſome Friend be truſted to attend,
Be well aſſur'd he be indeed your Friend.
Friendſhip, like Coin, a Royal Image bears,
Like Coin, made currant by the Stamp it bears.
With both Men Traffick, as their Int'reſt move,
And Gold and Friendſhip are exchang'd for Love.
As fainter Fires before the ſtronger Dye,
Friendſhip expires, when Beauty's Flames blaze high.
He whom you venter in this dang'rous Poſt,
Should be himſelf bound for ſome other Coaſt,
Elſe both your Miſtreſs and your Friend are loſt.

About her Houſe in ſilent Moon-light wait,
Paſs like ſome Ghoſt by her obdurate Gate.
Thus Ghoſts glide on, thus the fond *Phantom* flies,
And haunts that Place, where the dear Treaſure lies
Riſe, Porter, haſte, be the hard doors unbarr'd,
O Porter! Harder than the Poſts you guard.
The wiſhing Youth beneath her Window ſtands,
The wiſhing Youth waits for the bleſt Commands,
And curſes oft the rugged Porters Hands.
Ill, cruel Fair, is ſuch Attendance paid,
Too cold you treat the Lover, cruel Maid!
Why thus ſevere, ingrateful, feigning Fair!
Why to thy Lover, and thy ſelf ſevere;
Admit, admit the Youth——
Admit him to thy Breaſt, already there.
In pinching Cold, by ſtarry glim'ring Light,
Oft have I wander'd the whole Winter Night.
Guiltleſs of Thought my ſelf, my Feet would ſtray,
My conſcious Feet found of themſelves the way.

At lov'd *Amaſia*'s Doors, as in ſome Trance,
Oft have I lay'n, like Heroes in Romance.
Like *Iphis*, oft on the hard Pavement lay'd,
I ſeem'd the Guardian of the ſleeping Maid.
The Maſtives, conſcious that the Gates are barr'd,
Bark not, but fawning meet their fellow Guard.
Of all the Stars my gazing Eyes cou'd ſee,
I mark'd not one whoſe Influence ſmil'd on me.
Sighted like me, yet muſt you patient wake,
Tho' Night reigns now, the Day at length will
(break.
Now with ſoft Muſick Serenade the Maid,
And let the gentleſt, ſweeteſt Tunes be plaid.
Some Maid, ſome wakeful Servant may behold,
Then, be aſſur'd your Services are told.

Feaſts.

IF to ſome Feaſt the Virgin ſhall repair,
Do thou contrive to be invited there.
Courteous to all, complyant Words let fall,
But whom She favours, favour moſt of all.
Treat all her Friends without the leaſt conſtrai nt,
Her wrinkled Guardian, or her aged Aunt.
Smile on the Maid that whiſpers in her Ear ;
You muſt treat well your very Rival here.
Above the reſt, to him commend the Wine,
Drink to him ofr, diſcourſe him as you Dine.
Place, if you can, your Rival near the Maid,
Let no Addreſſes, but ſoft Looks, be paid.
Fronting the Fair, let ſome looſe glances fly,
But gaze not on her with your conſtant Eye.
Drink to thoſe Beauties which the Maid ſurround,
But let no Goblet with *Her* Health be Crown'd.

Soon

Soon as her Hands the ſparkling Glaſs reſtore,
Call you, and drink juſt where She drank before.
Eat very ſparingly, and ſeem to prove,
Your beſt lov'd Food, your Noriſhment is Love.
Affect no Faſt, yet ſo contrive to Eat,
As if you reliſh'd not, but forc'd the Meat.
Some ſmiling Fair, perhaps, with laughing Eyes,
Shall ask the Cauſe, and make her own Replies.
Love— Love— ſhe Vows, ſhe reads it in your Face;
And now plays on you with Satyrick grace.
Pretends the ſad Diſtemper She can ſee,
And crys, *Sir, are you not in love with me?*
Perhaps, the Fair, lov'd Charmer's ſelf is mov'd,
The Charmer's ſelf ſeems conſcious that She's lov'd.
Offers you Meat, with careleſs, looſe reſerve;
Accept the offer, when the Maid ſhall Carve.
Tho' at her Chair the ready Servant ſtands,
Tis offer'd you by her own charming Hands.

Meet

Meet on the ſuddain her extended Arm,
Starting ſurpriz'd, as Soldiers in Allarm.
By feign'd confuſion thus o're-reach the Plate,
And ſliding, touch her Hands, as your's Retreat.
Gaze on her Eyes with Eyes confeſſing Flames,
And glance new Rays faſt on her glancing Beams.
E're from the room the haſt'ning Fair be paſt,
Faſt, tho' She moves, move you, unmark't as faſt,
Or if She ſtays, attend her to the laſt.
If with her Maids She paſſes in the throng,
Bruſh gently by her, as you ſail along.
In ſome cloſe entrance if She crowded ſtands,
Approach her nigh, and preſs by ſtealth her hands
Now, as you move into the ſpatious Hall,
Let your Addreſſes at ſome diſtance fall,
Whilſt the Fair mingles in the ſhining Ball.

Praiſe.

Praiſe.

LEt her each ſtep your Admiration move,
And as She Dances, in your Eyes dance Love.
Let her each Motion raviſh'd wonder raiſe,
And Praiſe her now, for now She Courts your (Praiſe.
The ſtronger Gale of Praiſes you beſtow,
More beauteous Charms ſhall her each Movement (ſhow.
Thus flies the Veſſel with auſpicious Gales,
And as the Winds encreaſe, more ſwift She Sails.
Thus *Juno*'s Bird ſpreads wide his ſtarry Train,
But hides, unprais'd, his gawdy Wealth again.
The Poet thus in Praiſes feels delight,
And, paid with Fame alone, grows fond to Write,
Fear not to Praiſe, whatever Form they bear,
There lives not one but fancies that She's Fair.

High in Conceit, Women, like Authors ſit,
Theſe proud of fancy'd Beauty, thoſe, of Wit.
Tho' ſome pretend their want of Charms to know,
Whilſt from themſelves their real failings flow,
If you but ſoftly Vow they are deceiv'd,
How ſure, how ſoon is the Deceit believ'd?
Thus every Maid to her own wants grows kind,
And Woman's Pride, like Woman's Love is blind.
Whilſt now you ſee the glowing Virgin move,
At every aiery ſtep She meaſures Love.
The Ball broke up, before her bowing ſtand,
And offer humbly your conducting Hand.
If coy She turns, with ſlights your ſervice paid,
Lead off before her Eyes ſome other Maid.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd Skill
Engaging there, here ſhall you Conquer ſtill.

Theatre.

IF in the Theatre the Maid be found,
Thence may your Paſſion with ſucceſs be Crown'd.
Whilſt now She Mourns the fancy'd Hero's Fate,
Whilſt in her Eyes her ready Sorrows wait,
Attend their fall; claim all her Tears your due,
The fancy'd Lover never lov'd like you,
Claim not her Tears alone,——
But claim the charming Eyes which ſhed them too.
Strange Contradiction reigns in Woman's mind,
Only to ſhew, and falſe appearance, kind.
Mind not the Action, nor the Authors ſtrain,
Slight gawdy Shows, and make her Face thy Scene.
Raiſe no ill-natur'd Hiſs to Damn the Play,
But Criticize on what dull Criticks ſay.
Let thoſe who bite the Poet, ſo be bit,
Thus whilſt you ſhow good Nature, ſhow your Wit.

Alike

Alike with you the Author's Senſe they bear,
Alike with you, who did not ſee, nor hear.
The modeſt Fop daubs his nice Noſe with Snuff,
Damn me, then crys, 'tis wretched, wretched ſtuff.

Glance on ſuch Fops with a diſdainful Eye,
And let a ſleering Smile give ſuch proud Fools the Lye.

The Curtain fall'n, preſs to the Charmer's ſide,
And claim her Hand, nor be at laſt deny'd.

Entreat her oft, nor give entreaties o're,
And Vow you will conduct her to her Door.

Force is but weak, Intreaty has the Odds,
Tho' we can't force, we may intreat the Gods.
Thro' tedious importunity She moves,
She can't deny the preſſing Youth She loves.
Enter her Houſe, your fond Addreſs renew,
And Vow you was, and ever will be true.
The Charmer now at diſtant coldneſs ſtands,
And you muſt quit her from your claſping Hands.

The kinder warmth your Courtſhip ſhall impart,
She ſeems more Cold, more Frozen in her Heart.
Feign all the Lover, all the Hero feign,
And in your Looks tranſported Paſſion reign.
In different Strains *Both* with diſſembling move,
She feigning Anger, and you feigning Love.
With your drawn Sword, ruſh with a haſty Vow,
And now juſt ſtriking, She prevents you now.
Faſt to your Arms the frighted Maid ſhall flee,
And cry, ſo ſtriking you had wounded me.
Now to the utmoſt pitch your Flames muſt riſe,
Now She's your own, claſp faſt the lovely prize.
Great is your fondneſs, nor ſhall her's be leſs.
She gives you Kiſs for Kiſs, and Preſs for Preſs.
Whilſt mutual Love flows ſtrong with mutual Pow'rs,
Her Hand, her Heart, her Life, her Soul are yours.

Obſerve my Rules, drawn from experienc'd skill,
Still tho' you Conquer, Conquer yielding ſtill.
Go on triumphant ſo, and Triumph,— at your Will.

Crown me, each Love-ſick Youth, each Love-
(ſick Maid,
Your mutual Flame, as my Reward, be paid.
Whiſper each other, in your Bridals bleſt,
Thus far Art taught—— *Let Nature teach the reſt.*

F I N I S.

THE

ART

OF

LOVE:

The Second Book.

Written to the LADIES.

A NEW

POEM.

Hoc mihi, ſi quando; puer et Cytharea, favete:
Nunc Erato; nam tu Nomen amoris habes.

LONDON:

Printed for *Joſeph Wild*, at the *Elephant* at *Charing-Croſs*, 1700.

Where Gentlemen and Ladies may pick Novels at 6*s.* *p.r* Doz. And be furniſh'd with moſt Sorts of Plays.

TO THE

AUTHOR,

ON HIS

ART of LOVE.

IF Numbers can immortalize a Name,
And to deſcending Times tranſmit the Poet's
(Fame.
Then, happy Youth! Thy ſweet, harmonious Lays,
Fix the Foundations of a laſting Praiſe.
Thou, Love's Phyſician! Thou can'ſt beſt impart,
The Sov'reign Balm to Cure the bleeding Heart.
Of Love's Alexanders with ſuch ſkill you Write,
Sure, Cupid's *wings ſuſtain'd your* Muſe's *Flight.*
If Tranſmigration *more than fancy be,*
The Soul of Ovid *is tranſfus'd in thee.*
Love was a Labyrinth, like the Cretan *Maze,*
Its Paths untrod, a Wilderneſs its Ways;
Till Ariadne's *kind conducting Clue,*
Your Muſe, *diſclos'd it; Love's beſt* Theſeus *You.*

What Gallus, *nor* Propertius *could expreſs,*
What greater Ovid *touch'd with ill Succeſs,*
With luſtre ſparkles in an Engliſh *Dreſs.*
No Thought unchaſt thy melting Muſe *affords,*
But charming Senſe dreſt in as charming Words.
The Britiſh *Maids ſhall read thy Verſe and ſmile,*
Imploring Venus *to reward the toyl*
Of thee, the ſoft Columbus *of her Iſle.*
Whilſt Cytharea *on Love's Throne ſhall ſit,*
Whilſt Phœbus *Reigns the Lawrell'd God of Wit,*
Envy *nor* Time *ſhall blaſt what you have writ.*
Let Dryden, *Prince of all, in Satyr Reign,*
Let Congreve *Charm, with his rich, Comick Vein,*
Love be thy Charge, do thou Love's Cauſe maintain.

A. S.

To the Author, on his *Art of Love.*

THIS Art, *all* Art; *yet 'tis all* Nature *too!*
What wonders cannot Love *and Fancy do?*
Thy Muſe *ha's made each ſlighted Youth amends,*
And ſhews that Wit and Chaſtity are Friends;
Venus, *as Gay as when by* Paris *ſeen,*
She Paint's; She Paint's her Love's and Beautie's Queen,
Yet with a modeſt Air, and with a Virgin Mein:

She

She Paint's her like Diana *in the Chaſe,*
With Chaſtity triumphant ſeated in her Face.
With Charms like thoſe Amaſia *ha's put on*
Only, She Paint's her, that She *may be* Won.
Who reads your Verſe, muſt wonder and approve;
Your Lines are modeſt, yet your Subject, Love.
With Charms ſo Chaſt your Numbers are endu'd,
(For you teach others as your ſelf has Woo'd,)
'Tis pity any Poet ſhou'd be Lewd.
Such charming Laws on Love-ſick Youths you lay,
That all, who wou'd be Happy, muſt Obey.
Soft as Amaſia's *Boſom is thy Song,*
And in its flowing Tides it bears our Souls along.
With Wings untir'd, thy ſoaring Cupid *flies,*
With eaſe he mount's, and does with Pleaſure riſe.
May conquer'd Beauty be the Poets Spoil,
And Woman, glorious Woman, Crown thy Toyl.

P. M.

To the Ingenious AUTHOR, of the *Art of Love.*

NAture has often Play'd the Artiſt's Part,
But ne're was Nature ſo diſplay'd by Art.
Never before was Woman naked ſhown,
Tet modeſt ſtill as when with Garments on.
Such Pleaſure we in your ſoft Rules diſcern,
Inſtruction Charms, 'tis raviſhment to learn.

'Tis

'Tis ſuch Delight to read your Numbers o'r,
We think the Practice ſcarce can give us more.
By thee the bleeding Love-ſick Youth is ſhown,
To make the ſcornful, haughty Fair his own.
The tender Maid, taught by thy charming Pen,
May ſcape the Wiles, of falſe Deſigning Men.
The Virgin's taught to Love, the Youth to Wooe;
At once you Raviſh and Inſtruct us too.

Each Sex muſt own, to make a juſt return,
Thou, charming Youth, wer't Britain's Ovid *born.*

C. L.

THE

ART of LOVE,

THE

SECOND BOOK

ARm'd at all Points, Men to the Feild are gone,
Now, *Venus*, fight the Battle of thy Son.
Aſſiſt me *Beauty*, for *thy* Fame I Write,
Art ſhall teach Charming Nature to delight,
And thou ſhalt gain the Trophies of the Fight.

To you the ſecrets of that Art i'll ſhow,
Nor leave you Naked to ſo fierce a Foe;
I'll teach you all, you ſhall know all my skill,
And Men ſhall Love, while you ſhall ſmile and kill.

The Arms.

YE Female Warriours, haſt, to Arms, to Arms,
Put on your Smiles, your Glances, and your Charms,
Paint, Patches, Pins, and all the little reſt,
Which muſt be done e'er Beauty can be dreſt,
Flames in your Eyes, and Coldneſs in your Breaſt.

Put

Put on a modeſt mildneſs with your dreſs,
Put on thoſe ſomethings which I can't expreſs.
Let all with Artful negligence be done,
Yet put each Charm, put the whole Woman on.
Then ſoftly ſweet let *Cupid*'s Trumpet ſound,
Let Flags of ſtreaming Ribbonds wave around,
And with a Heart be every ſtandard Crown'd.
Each bearded Arrow bears a Bleeding Heart;
For *Cupid*'s Standard is a Golden Dart.
~~Let a ſoft Bluſh, the~~ Enſign, be diſplay'd,
The Charming Enſign of the Charming Maid.
Thus Arm'd, ye *Amazons*, inſult the Field,
Sighs be your Swords, and ſilence be your ſhield.
Truſt to my skill, in ſpite of Precepts paſt,
And you ſhall Conquer, tho' to yield at laſt.

 Believe

Believe me Maids, who never yet deceiv'd,
Thro' me, none e'er repented ſhe believ'd,
Int'reſt in Love draws on a Cloud of Woes;
For Love and Int'reſt are eternal Foes.
No fatal Rules my Numbers ſhall unfold!
For thoſe mean things, who ſell themſelves for Gold
In Spheres more bright my richer Precepts move,
My Song's compos'd of Beauty and of Love.

Women

Woman the Diſſemblers.

SHall Waves be bid to Roll, when Tempeſts roar?
Shall Calms ſucceed, when the loud Storm Blow (ore?

Shall Poets live Dejected, Proud and Poor?

Shall Ice be Cold? Shall Fire be bid to Burn?
Shall Darkneſs vaniſh at the Sun's return?
Shall *Silvius* Love, and ſhall *Amaſia* Scorn?

Shall I teach Miſers to embrace their ſtore?

Shall they teach me bright Beauty to adore?

Shall I bid Gods, who are Immortal, Live?

Shall I bid Women, all deceit, deceive?

Women and Kings alike their ſway maintain,
And by diſſembling what the feel, they Reign.
Blameleſs, your Sex does in this art excel ;
'Tis no deceit, if you deceive us well.
Diſſemble on, Shoot your devices far,
Be every Charm, yet be but what you are.
Be all, that Man, unſinning would adore.
Be Woman—Woman ! can a Name be more ?
You are of thoſe whom all the World admire,
The Hearts of Mortals, and of Gods you Fire.
Men, to be Bleſt, retires to Shades with you,
And when you pleaſe we grow Immortal too.
In BeauteousSpheres, more bright than ours, you move,
You give us Paradiſe, you give us Love.

For

For you, bright Maids, I draw my conqu'ring Pen,
To fix your Empire ore preſuming Men.

The Proſtrate.

LOe! there, before your Feet the Victim lyes,
Whilſt Vict'ry laughs within your ſmiling Eyes;
See how the Proſtrate Captive, Sighs, and Dies.
Believe him not, he's Man, and will deceive;
What have I ſaid? Ye Maids, believe, believe.
All are not falſe, tho' the ſincere be few,
At leaſt, *Amaſia* knows her *Silvius* true.
But my *Amaſia* has my ſuit deny'd,
And none can e'er deceive, who is not try'd.

But Oh! that Charmer does ſuch Charms improve,
That 'tis impoſſible I ſhould not Love.

Could I but ſhow you how *Amaſia* Charms,
There were no need of Amor'us Arts and Arms.
She's all ore Charm, all Raviſhing in Youth,
She's Love it ſelf, She's Beauty and She's Truth.
But Oh! She muſt not all your Actions guide,
She's all o're Woman too, all over Pride.

I teach you how to make the Lover Burn,
I teach you Love, but *Nature* teaches Scorn.

Truſt to my skill, in ſpite of precepts paſt,
I'll teach you conqueſt, ſo you yield at laſt.

Turn there, the Swain do's on his Knees implore,
He only beggs permiſſion to adore,
Begs you would but believe, and hopes no more.

O treach'rous Man! Who can ſo falſly preſs,
He hope no more! O no, he doubts no leſs.
Believe him not, command him to forbear,
He muſt not ſpeak, proteſt you will not hear.
Check each attempt he makes to prove his Flame,
Yet ſtill new hints for new addreſſes frame.
Seem all ſuprize, all Coyneſs, all a Frown,
Then let your Eyes ſhed ſoft compaſſion down.
He hopes and fears, he Freezes and he Burns,
And ſtill proteſts, when e're the Fit returns.
Let him not Kneel, but as his Fires rage on,
Say he muſt Riſe, or you muſt elſe be gone.
Divert the talk, forbid him to adore,
But ſo forbid as to engage him more.
Farewell, at length the parting Lover cryes;
Bid him farewell, but with relenting Eyes.

He goes but to return ; why let him go ;

He's yours—or if you pleaſe he may be ſo,

Attire.

COnſult your Glaſs what Garments to put on,
The Man's retir'd, but not the Lover gone.
Take counſel what attire becomes you beſt,
And with a Charming negligence be dreſt.
If negligence becomes not your Attire,
Then in the Pride of Pompous Garments Fire.
Shew your fair Neck, your tempting Boſom bare,
And let Gemms deck your Ornamental Hair.

Retir'd

Retir'd, unſeen, the lovely Warriours Arm,
When dreſt, at once with new ſurprize you Charm.
As Light'ning, Flaſhing faſt from Pole to Pole,
Strikes quick the Eye, ſo Beauty ſtrikes the Soul.

With glancing Light, the ſubtil Flaſhes fly,
Yet are they temper'd in the gloomy Sky.
We know not whence they Iſſue, but we know,
We muſt admire whatever ſtrikes us ſo.
You may in ſplendid Theaters behold,
The guilded Columns ſhow like maſſy Gold.
The Men, who act for Bread, talk loud, grow vain,
And three big Hours of empty greatneſs reign.
Yet till this Pomp of folly be prepar'd,
The longing Gueſts are of all view debarr'd.

Love's Warfare.

NOw ye are Arm'd, ye Charming Maids, repair
To Beauty's Camps, and Fight, and Conquer (there.
In martial Fields the bold ſucceſsful prove;
You muſt ſeem tim'rous, if you gain in Love.
Beauty, as cowardize, ſometimes prevails;
Falſe flights oft conquer, when true courage fails.
Let Looks and Smiles in ſubtil ambuſh ly,
Seem always Flying, yet ſcarce ever Fly.

Sing

Sing, Dance, be Airey, put on all your Aires,
Your easy Mirth shall cause the Lovers cares.

Thus shall you give those Wounds your Eyes ne're meant;
The Bow of *Cupid* never stands unbent.

The random Arrow, strikes with more surprize,
More force, when Wing'd with negligence it flyes.

When on the Rock *Andromeda* was bound,
She waited Death, yet there her Lover found,
Wounding him first, who did the Monster wound.

Modeſt Pride.

SEem Proud, yet humble too; let never Pride,
Shown in the ſilent Face, the ſoftneſs hide.
To Minds too haughty Love has ſeldom bow'd,
Be near at diſtance, modeſtly be Proud.
Truſt to my skill, in ſpite of precepts paſt,
And you ſhall conquer, tho' to yield at laſt.
Sometimes, ſoft things in Tragedies rehearſe,
And make the Poet happy in his Verſe.
Smiling ſometimes, in whiſpering accents bear
Some Trifling ſaying, to ſome Neighb'ring fair,

The

The Lover then, unknowing what you ſaid,
Smiles too, and fancies ſome fine Jeſt was made.
You, from your own impertinences know,
He makes the Jeſt, when e're he fancies ſo.
Read Poetry, the mighty *Dryden* Read,
Let *Congreve* next, and *Wicherly* ſucceed.
Read *Cowley* Living ſtill, Read *Otway*, *Lee*,
Read Elder *Hopkins* with thoſe lofty three,
And if you pleaſe, at leiſure Hours,—Read me.
The Muſes works may ſhorten tedious Days,
And when the Evening calls, repair to Plays.
Retir'd at home, be oft, and oft deny'd,
And let indiff'rence act the part of Pride.
The eaſy grant the price of bliſs deſtroys,
Man ever leaſt eſteems what he enjoys.

Repulſe ſometimes makes Love more fierce rebound,
As Balls riſe higheſt ſtruck on Stony Ground.
Let the fond Lover, curſe the cruel Door,
Do humbly much, but in his threats much more;
The taſte of bitter things can Sweets renew;
Winds ſink that Ship ſometimes, by which it flew.

The Viſit.

REceive the Viſit, which the Youth ſhall make,
Be ſeen, as if by chance, or by miſtake.
Play with yourFan, call for your Coach, your Chair,
Be juſt a going out to take the Air.
Pretend ſome Viſits, which muſt needs be made,
And his you can't receive, till thoſe be paid.
Buſineſs pretend, or Sickneſs, ſeem in haſt,
Have many things to do; ſome Minutes paſt,
'Tis late you know, you may do none at laſt.

You think the Weather dull, 'tis Cold, if not,
But you would change it ſpite of Heaven,—'tis hot.
Say any thing impertinence can move,
Enquire the news; he anſwers you, 'tis Love.
Hear all he ſays, ſit in ſome diſtant place,
While his Eyes faſten on your Charming Face.

Silence.

Silence.

ALtho' you hear, ſeem not at all to heed,
So while you wound him, he ſhall inward Bleed.
Thus while you muſe, the Youth ſhall ſoftly preſs,
Nearer, and nearer to a cloſe addreſs.
Whilſt in your Thoughts you ſeem your ſelf to loſe,
You find your Lover there, who tells his News;
On weightier things, your ſolid Mind was bent,
You hear'd not what he ſaid, you knew not what he (meant.

Let him talk on, and ask, and anſwer too,
He need not hope to have a word from you.
Yet you may ſmile, when next you hear him ſpeak.
And let ſome tune in thoughtleſs accents break.
Now, you may Sigh, as he approaches near,
Now ſhall he preſs, now ſhall you cry, forbear,
You Frown, he Loves, you Laugh, and he ſhall Swear.
O Love! O Folly! O diſſembling Maid!
O Man! whoſe Strength by Weakneſs is betray'd,
Caught in thoſe Nets for ſubtil Women laid.
Truſt to my skill, in ſpite of precepts paſt,
And you ſhall Conquer, but to yield at laſt.
He asks you now, what 'tis employs your thought,
And wonders what has ſuch deep ſilence wrought.

Inward

Inward he ſtruggles, not reſolv'd by you.
Longing to know, yet he grows ſilent too;
With Burning Pains, now makes his Paſſion known,
Rack'd with your ſilence long, and with his own.
He Loves, he Loves, again, again he cryes,
Conſults you oft, but you make no replies.

The Anſwer.

WHen grown by long, long repetition dull,
Thus at the laſt, you anſwer him in full.

What is this ſtrange requeſt which you have made?

What is it Sir, I know not what you ſaid?

O Bleſt diſſimulation of the Sex!

Who can Mankind by careleſſneſs perplex,

O Glorious Senſe, of Ignorance in ſhew!

Which makes *us* Fools, while *you* act Folly ſo.

O happy Art of Nature! Which can wind,
And turn ten Thouſand ways the changing Mind.
Your folly thus, Man's Wiſdom can confound,
And caſt his baffled Eyes and Senſes on the Ground.
Happy that Wit, which is in ſilence ſhown,
More than in all the works of Poets known.
Amaſia th us receiv'd her Lover's ſuit,
Thus did her ſilence my weak words confute,
And when ſhe ſpoke, all Senſe,--but Love was mute.
Even Love it ſelf by ſilence was expreſt,
I only Vow'd I Lov'd, and look'd the reſt.
Againſt himſelf his Foes the Poet Arms,
Like Beauty ſeen, ſilence in Beauty Charms.

Beauty's deſcrib'd only by being ſeen,
And ſilence ſpeaks, lodg'd in the Beauteous Mien.
When importunity at laſt prevails,
The charming turn of anſwers never fails;
When forc'd to anſwer thouſand Queries paſt,
You can rely with queſtions at the laſt.

The

The Penalty.

WEll, 'tis ſuppos'd you have confeſt you hear'd,
Let now the Lover be of ſpeech debarr'd.
Lock up his Lips, lock up thy injur'd Ear,
He has ſaid things a Virgin ſhould not hear.
He muſt be ſilent, you muſt elſe remove;
For he grew Impudent and talk'd of Love.
The Youth ſtands Speechleſs, nor dares think of Bliſs,
His Lips are Seal'd, but Seal'd without a Kiſs.

Truſt

Truſt to my skill, in ſpite of Precepts paſt,

And you ſhall Conquer, ſo to yield at laſt.

The Lover now believes his Paſſion curſt,

And he will ſpeak, for he has felt the worſt.

His fears now urge him moſt, when moſt they awe;

As Cowards from deſpair can Courage draw.

Uſe him like Cowards, all his rage controul,

And wound him, wound the Rebel to the Soul;

Tell him, himſelf alone he muſt deceive,

For 'tis impoſſible you ſhould believe.

'Tis time to Viſit now, you muſt not ſtay

Send him once more with kinder looks away.

He goes but to return; why, let him go;

He's yours,—or if you pleaſe, he may be ſo.

Deportment.

Deportment.

THe Day grows fair, your Coach, or C[illegible] may wait,
And you may walk, if graceful in your Gate.
See how *R———b* diſplays her ſtately Mind,
How, in the Pride of Steps, the haughty Wind
Swells her looſe Robes before her, and behind.
I———n there, trips nimbly ore the Park.
As if ſhe fear'd to diſappoint ſome ſpark.
C———l demurely on the Ground does look,
As if ſhe meaſur'd every Step ſhe took.

That

That haſty *H*—there Walks, as if ſhe ran,
And whisks her Eyes, and brandiſhes her Fan.
The Tall Walk ſlowly, others Walk apace;
Each movement, every geſture has its grace,
Men are not always Charm'd with but a Face.
Conſult that Gate, which ſuits your Stature beſt,
Walk [illegible]o pleaſe your ſelf, nor doubt the reſt.

Humour.

YOu who have change of Garments changes wear,
And Daily deck in various forms your Hair.
Change too your Humours as your Dreſs you change,
The *Lyon* always does not furious Range.
Let your mild Air ſometimes compaſſion move,
Sometimes diſdain, yet ever mingling Love.
Now Pleas'd, now Vex'd, now Aiery, and then Sad,
Now very thoughtful, and now very Mad.
A thouſand Humours move a thouſand ways,
For moſt of all, Variety muſt pleaſe.

The

The Charmer.

A *Maſia* thus could every Paſſion wear,
She wore all Charms in her expreſſive Air,
But Love—fond Love, alas! was never there,
Her every Paſſion did my ſenſe controul,
But Love alone poſſeſt her Lover's Soul.
Love and Diſpair in me one Paſſion grew,
I ne're knew Love but when Deſpair I knew.
She Smil'd,—yet while that Sunſhine was diſplay'd,
Deſpairing Love gloom'd in a thicker Shade.
She Smil'd—and ſtrait my hopes like Phantoms flee,
For Oh! ſhe never, never Smil'd on me.

Smiles.

Smiles.

SMile Charming Beauty, change from Smiles to Smiles,
A thouſand Glories Gild the tempting Wiles.
Smile on, Aerial Beauties we ſhall Trace,
While Paradiſe ſits Blooming in your Face.
Whilſt Charms thus Lovely all your Features Crown,
Thus whilſt you Smile, Ah! Who can bid you Frown?

Frowns

Frowns.

THe Sun's o're caſt, the ſullen gloom's diſplay'd,
Awfull ſhe Frowns, behold the Frowning Maid.
Jove dwells not ever in the Skies ſerene,
But Storms ſometimes in a Tempeſtuous ſcene.
The Light'nings firſt Flaſh from the ſhining Cloud,
But as the Light'nings fly, Heaven Thunders loud.
Tempeſts at Sea ſerve to endear the Shore;
If Gods ne'er Thunder'd, Men would ſcarce adore.

But

But now, 'tis time your fury were appeas'd,
The Youth ſhall offer incenſe, You be pleas'd.
In Tears he comes to pacify your Rage,
And falling Show'rs ev'n Thunder can aſſwage.

Belief.

SEe how he Weeps, I know the Youth ſincere
He Loves, he Vows, and offers up his Prayer,
He's True; believe him True, as you are Fair.
He begs you would his Racking Pains relieve,
Believe—how can it hurt you to believe?
'Tis no uncommon, no new Suit he moves,
He only begs you would believe he Loves.

Grant the requeſt he does ſo oft implore,
But let him know he muſt expect no more.
Inwards he's Raviſh'd that you think him true,
The Coaſt of Love he does more ſwift purſue;
For ſtill one Grant prepares the way for New.
Now freſh deſires ſpread full his Paſſion's Sails,
He Sighs, and Steers his Paſſage thro' the Gales.

Truſt to my skill, in ſpite of Precepts paſt,
And you ſhall Conquer, tho' to yield at laſt.

If you are full convinc'd he does not feign,
If the Youth Loves, he ſhould be Lov'd again.
A thouſand, thouſand ways there are to try,
One word implies them all—Deny, Deny.
Grant, or Deniall, in ſucceſſion, Burns,
Like the twin Stars, that mount the Skies by turns:

Gran

Grants and Denialls the amour improve,
Whatever Star ſhall Shine, the Youth ſhall Love,
Tho' your laſt Breath own'd you believ'd his Vow.
Yet, now he Vows again, deny it now,
Till he ſuch proteſtations ſhall renew,
The Youth muſt Damn himſelf twho is not true.

Favours.

PErmit him now, ſometimes your Hands to preſs,
And Sigh, but ſeldom, and in warm addreſs.
Yet while his preſſes riſe too fierce, too faſt,
Withdraw your Hands, thoſe favours muſt not laſt:

Seem ſerious now, while now you hear him Co[illegible],
That he may know you make not Love your Sport.
Attend, and Anſwer every thing he ſays,
Such ſoft attention muſt the Lover pleaſe.
Whilſt now more fierce, more Paſſionate he Wooes,
He Love's, Believe, ſeem Sorry that he does.
Seem much concern'd to ſee the Lover Burn,
Seem much concern'd you can't his Love Return.
Let your Eyes kindly with compaſſion move,
Yet ſay you hate the Sex, and cannot Love.
'Tis your averſion; Monſt'rous! Love a Man!
Say, vow you cannot, when you know you can.
He leaves you now, half deſp'rate as before,
Bids you farewell; but Vows he muſt adore.

He goes but to return; why let him go,

He's yours,—Or if you pleaſe he may be ſo.

Letters.

HE Writes, perhaps, peruſe what he has Writ,
And if the bearer waits, extoll his Wit.
Say, 'tis above your reach, and you implore,
That he would Write, you know not what, no more
Give your cold Service, and the Note return,
Or if ſome Fire be near, the Letter Burn.
Say, it requires no Anſwer, ſo remove;
For Maids ſhould never Anſwer Notes of Love:
Truſt me, 'tis dang'rous; for if Virgins Write,
They loſe the nobleſt Trophies of the Fight.

Some Men boaſt Favours which they never knew,
Yet ſome are ſecret ſtill, tho' very few,
For Men feel vanity—as much as you.

Thoſe Maids, whoſe Sparks, their Loving Notes expoſe,
The ills they find in Writing can diſcloſe

Write not, tho' moſt in Letters you excell,
Write not to ſhow your Lover you Write well,
No, be not tempted, tho' you know to Spell.

Write not, no never, never Write to Men,
We cannot take denyals from your Pen,
'Tis ours to Write, and Write, and Write again.

Silence in you, ſhall all our thoughts deceive,
You make reply ſufficient, to receive.

Diſtance.

Diſtance.

THe Youth returns, your Silence makes him come.
From your dear Lips he muſt receive his doom.
Receive him coyly, ask him what he meant,
By the unwelcome compliment he ſent,
Seem more and more reſerv'd, and for a while,
Till he proteſts and vows, you muſt not Smile.
Keep him at diſtance while he talks of Love,
Nor let his Hands around your Boſom Rove;

Thus ſhall you raiſe more Paſſion in his Mind,
As Flames rage higheſt, when a while confin'd.
He calls you cruel, moſt unhumane now,
Who will no favours for ſuch Love allow.

Kindneſs

WHen to the laſt exceſs of Fondneſs grown,
He longs for all, will you afford him none?
Yes, grant a little, now a little more
And yet a little greater than before,
Heaven muſt be giving ſtill, if Men adore.

Life

Life of Love.

YEt here be cautious favour not too faſt,
Give not too much, yet give your ſelf at laſt.
Love ſhould have mod'rate fuel, 'tis like Fires,
Which too much, damps; yet ſlighted, it expires.
All have not Souls deſerving Virgin Flame,
Some vainly think all Women are the ſame.

Keep

eep ſtill your favours now, let none be loſt;
nd give ſo little that no Youth may boaſt.
Men are but Men, Maids are but mortal too,
Give and Refuſe, thus you grow ever new.
Elſe will the Youth, continu'd fondneſs flee;
For every Lover does not Love like me.
What Flames had I for my *Amaſia* Born,
Had ſhe been kind, when I ſo Lov'd her Scorn.
Beauty like her's, whole Ages might deny,
When Men perſue like me, Maids, ever fly.
But Oh! no Man like *Sylvius* can adore,
No Woman like *Amaſia* Charm—
No Woman—(Maids forgive me) ſhe was more

Conſent

Conſent.

COnſent at laſt, and ſend the Youth away,
Let him go now that he may ever ſtay.

The Advice.

HE *goes but to return; why let him go,*
He's yours,—but be advis'd, and make him ſo.

Truſt to my Skill, obſerve my precepts paſt,
And as you now have Conquer'd, *Yield* at *laſt.*

Both Men and Maids, Fighting in *Cupid's* Feild,
Both Men and Maids, if you would Conquer, *Yield.*

The Concluſion.

BOth Men and Maids, whilſt in your Bridals Bleſt,
This, my reward, be for a truth confeſt,
Art has done all can be by Art expreſt.

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